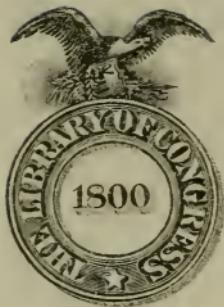




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from  
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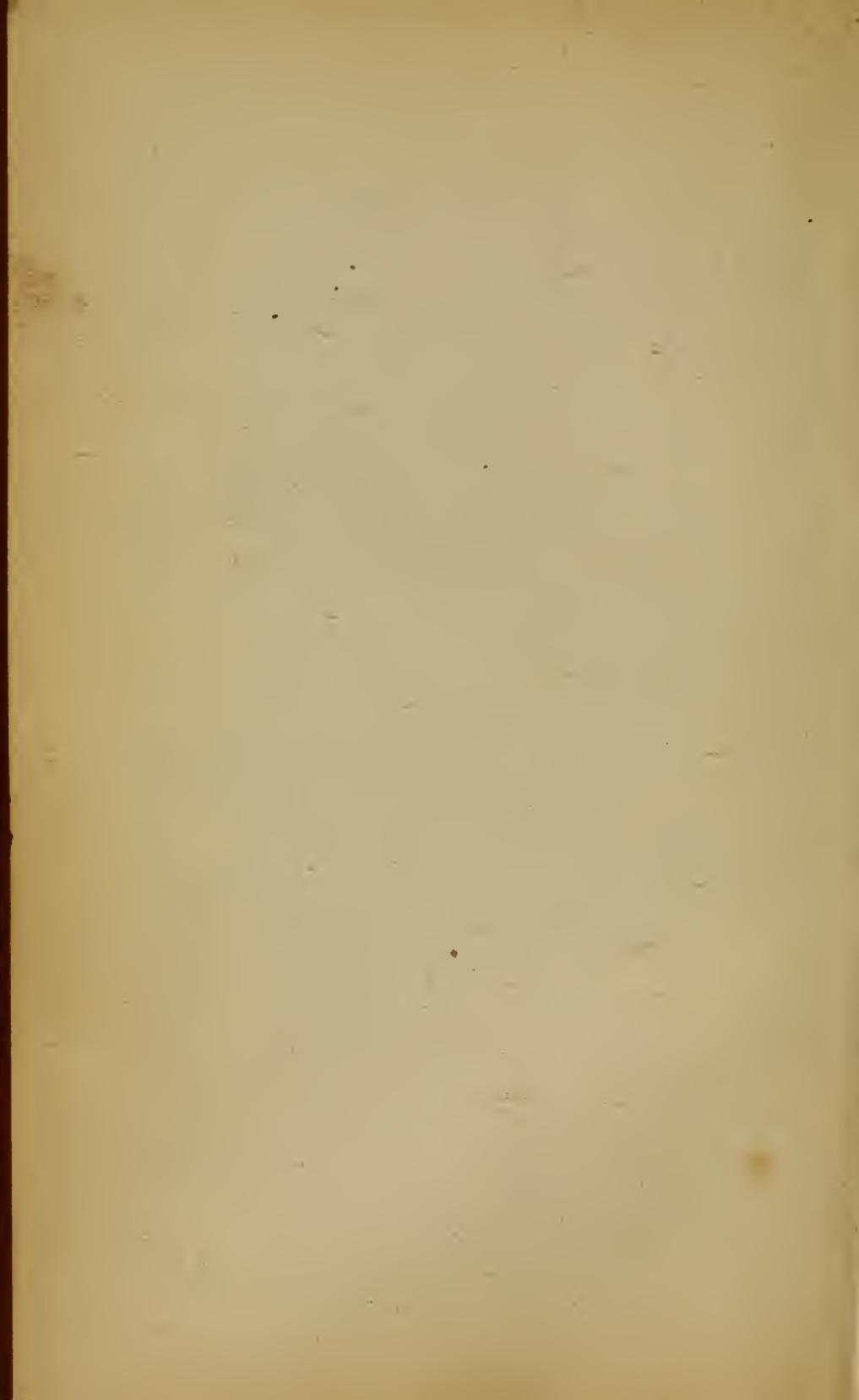




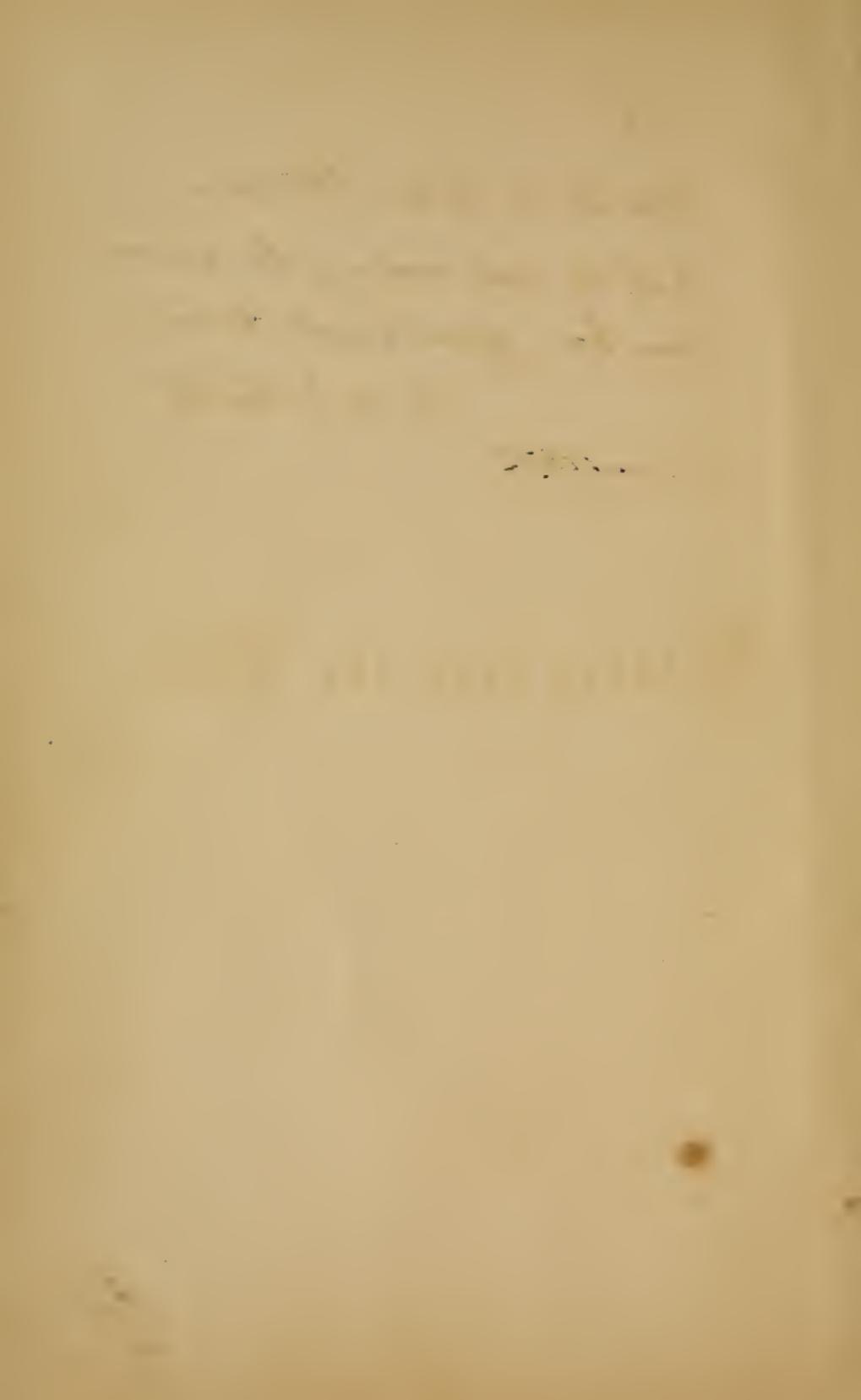
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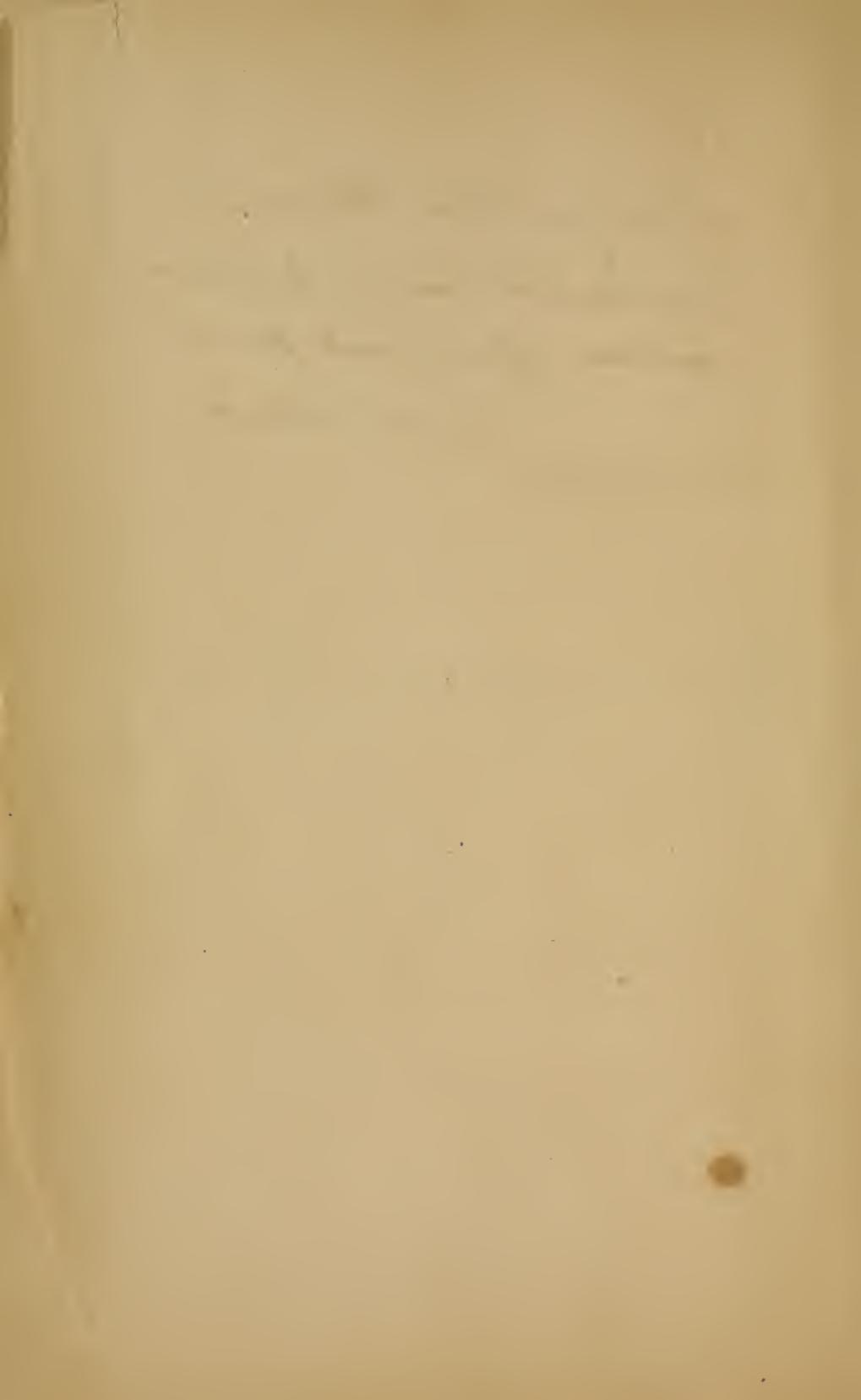
To  
Mrs Sarah Wilson Whitmore  
with the best wishes of the season  
from her affectionate friend

W. D. Smith

Christmas 1872

Leaves from the Past.

G.







Mary K. Darley Smith





# Leaves from the Past.

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PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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[Smith, Mrs. Mary Silvana Derby.]

PRESS OF  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.  
1872.

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## Dedication.

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TO

MY LONG TRIED AND FAITHFUL FRIENDS,

THESE

*"Leaves from the Past"*

are offered, in all their truthfulness and simplicity: to their charitable judgment, to their unfailing friendship, I commit them, in token of my faith and trust in them, believing that their criticism will be in that beautiful spirit that worketh no ill, and that, cognizant as they are of my past life, they will not blame the careful gleaner of flowers in the desert,—such as make even the wilderness to smile.

MARY REBECCA DARBY SMITH





## P R E F A C E.

---

ABETTER motive than that of vanity has induced me to place collectively in one volume many of the kind, and some of the beautiful, addresses which from time to time have been dedicated to me from the early age of fourteen. My nature is reconnaissant, and as one does not like even to throw a faded flower away, the gift of a friend, so I have generally kept the offerings that have been given or sent to me, not weighing their poetical merit always, not reading them with critical eyes, but as tributes of consideration, or affection, or wit, I have placed all together, and bind them now,

### LEAVES FROM THE PAST,

on memory's grateful page. I cannot bear all should perish. "Yet a few days, and earth, that nourished me, shall claim my growth, to be re-

solved to earth again;" and though the friends that I leave "shall one by one be gathered to my side," yet, for them and for their children, I would fain have these remembrances of kindly appreciation to exist for one whose life of trial and sorrow has had but one solace, apart from Heaven and its divine teachings and hopes, and that is all that emanates from the gentle heart of charity and love.

My little volume would have more intrinsic value if I were to select only those pieces which have genuine poetical merit marked by genius and good taste; but as in a bouquet from the garden one often finds along with tea-roses and rare flowers the simple sweet-alyssum, and the modest yet odorous heliotrope, so in this collection I place in memoriam the leaves of all hues, from the pale and sickly yellow to the brilliant and emphatic rouge, and thus grouped, they are offered to my *friends*, in the hope they will appreciate them, and understand that not ostentation, but kindly remembrance, has compelled me to make the record I have done.

Some of the verses have been written to me in an interesting album of mine, and such as I have thought proper I have extracted from this volume.

This accumulation is not meant for the hyper-critical and the cold, for the narrow and the censorious, but for the eye and heart of friendship or good feeling, whose sweet, expansive charity will comprehend the grateful feeling with which I link these mementos of former days together,—link all, the foolish and the wise, the simple and the beautiful,—and will believe I see with them oftentimes the extravagance of expression, and can smile with them also at much that has been written under the influence of that fabulous little deity whose blindness is proverbial, and in whose name such follies are committed by the pen, the tongue, and the act.

But there *are* sweet memorials here of tried and pure friendship,—these hallow my pages, while fancy or wit may adorn them, or fun amuse; but *all* my leaves, not lost, are gathered here, and some, unhappily for me, are lost or mislaid.

They form to my eye a sad yet pleasing cluster, recalling to mind affectionate souvenirs, and interesting incidents, such as it is pleasant to cherish in this working-day world. And now, when I have arranged and completed my bouquet of poetic leaves, I feel I am almost recreant to duty in not introducing some of the eloquent effusions to me

that have come from hearts of gentle mould, clad in the soberer form of prose. Many of these are from the distinguished of the earth,—from the exalted and the good,—and though not now brought forth to the light of day, they are secretly prized, and some have the light of Heaven on them, for they speak a language the angels might hear,—a language of love and sympathy which is not earth-born.

MARY REBECCA DARBY SMITH.



## A N A C R O S T I C,

Written to me when at Burlington School, New Jersey, and addressed

“TO THE BELLE OF THE SEMINARY,”

When I was fourteen years of age.

**R**ARE beauty of so pure a cast  
E'en naught in Eden can surpass;  
Bright as the morning star, thine eye  
Enamors all it passes by.  
Charmer of so lovely face,  
Cease then to sport with the human race.  
A fairer maid or purer mind  
Sure on the globe one ne'er can find;  
Mild as a lamb, sweet as a rose,  
Innocent as a stream where it softly flows,  
Thence, lady, mayst thou be blest,  
Heaven thy home and eternal thy rest.

( 11 )





## A SONG.

The following lines were written and addressed to me also, at Burlington School, when I was fourteen years old:

**S**AW thee, heard thee, might it be  
That I could see and hear unmoved?  
It needeth but to look on thee  
To feel that thou must be beloved.

By day, if sorrows round me teem,  
And heaves my breast with passion riven,  
Be mine the night that brings the dream  
Of thee, and purity, and heaven.

And often has escaped a sigh,  
As such a thought flew 'cross my mind,  
That thou, sweet maid, wast born to die,  
Or else to some sad doom resigned.

When first I saw thee, fatal hour!  
Although I loved thee thus alone,  
Yet Hope dare not then build his bower,  
For fear thy heart was not thy own.

And when, by chance, my eyes were cast  
Upon thy bosom gently heaving,  
Where cares and sorrows may be clasped,  
They quickly closed, then rose to heaven.

And often in my bosom fly  
Some thought that I'm beloved by thee ;  
But oftener banished with a sigh,  
That happiness were ne'er for me.

Oh that a guardian angel's care  
Around thy gentle form be hovering !  
Oh, could a lover's fervent prayer  
But turn aside the blow that's falling !

Oh, blissful hour ! but 'twill ne'er be ;  
Could I such happiness enjoy,  
To pass but that short time with thee,  
Weeks of my life could I destroy.

Forgive me, lady, were it so,  
Each one himself could well command ;  
But sure thou knowest Cupid's bow  
Is worst of dangers to withstand.

In any lovely, peaceful dell,  
With thee, sweet maid, I'd *gladly* dwell.



## TO REBECCA.

These simple and kindly lines I appreciate as coming from an humble individual who had served in our family in a superior capacity, and being a religious woman, and possessing many excellent qualities, as a child I regarded her with affection and respect, which she manifested warmly towards myself. Her good wishes, like those of others, shall I ask how have they been fulfilled ?

**M**AY care upon thee lightly fall,  
May happiness be thine ;  
Mayst thou never with regret recall  
Past pleasure and past time !

Upon thy fair and noble brow  
May sorrow leave no trace ;  
May health and peace forever glow  
Upon thy lovely face !

May afflictions never visit thee ;  
May grief ne'er dim thine eye ;  
May every friend prove true to thee,  
And thy life be bright as summer sky !

May felicity on thee attend  
Through this life so drear ;  
Mayst thou ne'er forget thy friend,  
To whom thou art so dear !

M . . . . P . . . .

---

### A CONFESSION.

**R**EBECCA ! often in my sleep  
Thy form all wreathed in smiles appears,  
And softly chides me when I weep,  
With care oppressed, in bitter tears.  
To Angel Hope it points the way,  
And cheers my sad and drooping heart  
With visions bright as fancy's ray,  
Which pluck the sting and heal the smart.  
When full of gratitude and love,  
I bend to thee, my heart's true shrine,  
And seek by constant vows to prove  
That I am worthy to be thine.  
But morning's ray, and reason's course,  
Dispel the fairy-tales I'd wove ;  
Those icy barriers, custom's force,  
Bid me despair to win thy love.

Yet will I now invoke thine ear,  
And Venus pray thee so incline,  
That one soft wish from me to hear,  
And that is,—“Wilt thou, love, be mine?”  
By that kind Saint, whose name will ring  
To-morrow, o'er the festive wine,  
Oh, let me, love, unto thee bring  
This rhyme of thy true valentine !

MEMORY.

FRIDAY NIGHT, twelve o'clock.





## GOOD WISHES.

**B**RIGHT be the dreams which cheer thy heart  
And sweet the hopes they bring ;  
May joy ne'er from thy home depart,  
And pleasure leave no sting !

May no dark cloud of sorrow cast  
Its shadow o'er thy sky ;  
May life be sweet, while life shall last,  
And friends be ever nigh !

Sweet be thy rest in slumber's hours,  
May angel bands attend ;  
And may thy path be strown with flowers,  
Till life's bright dream shall end !

Yes, may thy life glide smoothly on,  
Without one darkening day,  
Till all its cherished hopes have flown,  
Then sweetly pass away !



## AN EPISTLE OF LOVE.

FROM THE POET TO HIS LADY-LOVE.

The ensuing lines were received anonymously at Philadelphia, and were dedicated as follows :



IS Sunday ! And most holy is the day !  
Yet will my thoughts, rebellious, to thee stray !  
Whilst busy memory shuns the years now past,  
By Time's quick flight, to *both* forever lost !  
Barren and fruitless were those years gone by,  
Unblest with blossoming Love for you or I !  
A warning, beauteous maiden, take from this,  
And let *our future* promise *years* of bliss !  
Long have I sought thee ! ay, in everything,  
At home, abroad, amid the courtly ring.  
Still as I sought thou fledst from me away,  
Fearful of cares which on thy fancy prey.  
Away, Rebecca ! drive those envious fears,  
For Heaven will smooth the road affection bears,  
And thou wilt find, as surely as you try,  
They're baseless as the cloud in summer sky.

Ah ! may I not implore thy tender heart  
To let my Love its trials *all* impart ?  
Give reign to fancy ! and behold me kneel  
Before thee, warmed by that hope I feel,  
Which bids me speak, in that soft, thrilling tone,  
That Love to Love commends when 'tis alone !  
Whilst my rapt heart, with joy, with truth, combine,  
Until its fervor shall soon win the shrine,  
Like some pent stream long hid by stony ground,  
Which to the meadow leaps with frolic bound,  
Transported with delight it wends its way  
Where tender greens invite its constant stay.

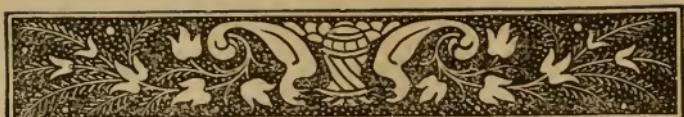
\* \* \* \* \*

Forgive, dear maid, this bold, impassioned lay,  
For love, long felt, breaks e'en the Sabbath-day.  
In vain my thoughts would seek another theme,  
Thou art by day and night my constant dream.

M.

SUNDAY EVENING, February 15th.





## A POETICAL COMPLIMENT.

This was written and presented to me at Newport, Rhode Island,  
1850.

 ADY, not easy is the task to tell  
How the deep radiance of thy sparkling eye  
Winneth all bosoms by its mingled spell  
Of tenderness and queenly majesty.

Nor how those ever-changing hues excel,  
Which o'er thy cheek in blushing beauty fly,  
Such hues as paint the skies with roseate light  
When the slow twilight softens into night.

But 'tis not when before thy shrine I bow,  
The idol worship claimed by beauty alone  
Which I accord to thee ; albeit thou  
Compeer in perfect loveliness hast none.  
Immortal mind is seated on thy brow ;  
And shall I idly laud its ivory throne ?  
Nay, were the gem within less rich, then I  
Might learn to praise the casket worthily.

'Thine, lady, is the better part which hath  
Its pure source in the spirit's hidden spring ;

For thou hast held along no common path,  
But in the free soul's chainless aspiring  
Right nobly wilt disprove the vulgar faith,  
That man alone may rise on mental wing,  
While woman's highest office is to be  
The gilded toy of his proud sovereignty.

---

## TO REBECCA.

 WISH you that peace the good only can feel ;  
I wish you the joys sense and virtue approve ;  
I wish you the wealth that no robber can steal,  
With a life gently gliding 'twixt Friendship and Love.

A . . . . M . . . .

NEW YORK, January 6th.





TO MISS M. R. D. S.

**D**EAREST lady, do not trifle  
With a heart that beats for thee ;  
'Tis cruel to attempt to stifle  
Love like mine, so pure and free.

Perhaps 'tis thus you wish to test  
The measure of my love for thee ;  
Then know my heart can have no rest  
Till certain that thine beats for me.

Do not break the charm of hope,  
Though thy heart be lost to me ;  
Let my fancy have full scope  
That I'm loved most tenderly.

Sweet enchantress ! on the altar  
Of my heart thy best gift lay ;  
If thou lovest me, do not falter,  
I beseech thee ! not one day.

Then around our happy home  
Madly may the bleak winds blow ;  
Secure from storms or ills that come,  
Our stream of life will calmly flow.

C.... C. E....

NEW YORK.

---

TO MISS M. R. D. SMITH. 18...

**B**EAUTY in woman weaves a spell  
Around poor man's devoted heart,  
And he must guard the fortress well,  
Or else he'll feel the piercing dart.  
But when she has at once combined  
Charms, such as do with you exist,  
And a well-cultivated mind,  
Her magic power who can resist?

DR. J.... T. W....





TO MISS M. R. D. SMITH,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 18 . . .

**H**ADY, you ask a verse of me,  
To while an idle hour away :  
The subject of that verse should be  
Appropriate to this gladsome day ;  
But if not so, you will excuse  
The faults of my unpolished muse.

On each return of New Year's Day  
I feel both sad and joyful too,  
As if one friend had passed away,  
And one I'd found, sincere and true ;  
For, though this year's forever gone,  
Perhaps a brighter one is born.

May this prove brighter far, my friend,  
To you than any have before !  
May each succeeding New Year send  
You happiness yet more and more !  
May all your life forever be  
From pain and care and sorrow free !

May friendship open unto you  
The path of peace and holy love !  
May life continual joys renew,  
And hope not too deceptive prove !  
May sweet contentment round you throw  
Such bliss as may be found below !

And when at last your life shall end,  
And you have done with earthly things,  
May you then see your heavenly Friend,  
And soar aloft on Seraph's wings,  
To that bright, happy world above,  
Where all is peace and all is love !

DR. J. . . . T. W. . . .





TO MISS M. R. D. SMITH,  
WITH A COPY OF "GOLDSMITH'S POEMS, PLAYS, AND  
ESSAYS." 18 . . .

**E**AIR lady, you have won from me  
A philopœna, and I bring  
What you before your eyes may see,  
This volume, as my offering.

I would the gift might worthier be  
Of the fair hands that you will hold with,  
And the bright eyes with which you'll see  
These "Poems, Plays, Essays of Goldsmith."

"Neat but not gaudy," was the motto  
Which, by its dressmaker, was used ;  
It does not blush in red morocco,  
Nor is its face with g(u)ilt suffused.

But if you would its virtues find,  
Look inside, and you there will see  
What often has improved the mind,  
And taught the heart to better be.

DR. J. . . T. W. . . .



## AN EXPLANATION.

**S**INCE, lady, you have asked me why  
My conduct lately is so changed,  
And why I from your presence fly,

As if from you I felt estranged :  
Although it now may be too late  
To make it needful to explain,  
Attend, and I'll the cause relate,  
That you may then no more complain.

I once beheld a blithe young bird,  
When Spring her brightest flowers did spread.  
And shrill his wild, sweet notes were heard  
As he flew joyous o'er my head.  
But soon the charmer caught his eye,—  
No more his wild, sweet notes were heard :  
Away, away, he tried to fly,  
In vain, alas ! poor victimed bird.

Thus, while I linger by thy side,  
And feel my heart yet light and free,  
There lurks destruction in those eyes,  
Whose power, once felt, I could not flee.

And so, lest I should share the fate  
 Of the poor bird the charmer slew,  
 I fly, ere it becomes too late  
 To tear myself away from you.

DR. J. . . T. W. . . . , 18 .

---

### TO M. R. D. S.

Sonnet written to me in my youth.

**S**AD is thy lot, and sorrowful indeed !  
 Without a father's or a mother's love,  
 All lonely doomed through this cold world  
 to rove,  
 While thy kind heart 'neath wicked tongues must  
 bleed.

Oh, cruel they, who with affection's care  
 Should guide and guard thee on life's dangerous way,  
 Yet leave thee almost friendless thus to stray,  
 Where wolves and vipers in fierce anger glare !

Yet "bear on bravely" with a noble heart.  
 Let neither grief, nor loss, nor slander's din,  
 E'er tempt thee or in word or thought to sin ;  
 But meet with patience each envenomed dart,  
 Keeping thy spirit meek and pure within :  
 Thus to bear wrong is virtue's noblest part.



## THE IMMORTALITY OF HOLY LOVE.

LINES WRITTEN TO MISS M. R. D. SMITH.

**G**H, did I think that death could part  
    This clinging soul from thine,  
When I would clasp thee to my heart,  
How would that heart repine !

The bliss of earth's fond love is past,  
    If fear still looks before,  
And says the hour must come at last  
    When we shall love no more.

When doomed in endless woes to dwell,  
    Love shall to hate subside,  
Or bounds as broad as heaven and hell  
    Our spirits shall divide.

But Jesus conquered death, and rose,  
    No more to die or grieve :  
That conquest He achieved for those  
    Who on his name believe.

In Him they conquer every ill,  
Sin, fear, and care, and pain,  
And e'en o'er death they triumph still  
In everlasting gain.

Thus, dear one, in a holy love  
We have no ill to fear,  
For we shall bear to realms above  
The love we cherish here.

What though the stroke of death divide  
Our loving hearts awhile,  
Hope with the mourner shall abide,  
Each sorrow to beguile.

What though these forms return to dust,  
Though distant graves they fill,  
Our God, who guards the sleeping just,  
Shall watch our ashes still.

To brighter worlds we then shall soar,  
There where God dries all tears;  
Where grief or slander never more  
Shall blight our blissful years.

And when the voice of Jesus blest  
Commands our dust to rise,

In forms of fadeless glory dressed,  
With these now tearful eyes

How shall we on each other gaze  
With wonder and delight ;  
And while we give Him all the praise,  
Exult in heaven's own light !

Oh, dear one, let these hopes inspire  
Comfort in each distress ;  
Shield us from every wrong desire,  
And every duty bless !

Let us be armed by hopes so pure,  
Against sin's cunning arts ;  
And to make this bright prospect sure,  
Devote our lives and hearts.

C . . . .





## TO REBECCA.

**W**HAT is it that thus round my heart entwineth?  
Why is it that when from thee it thus pineth?  
At the touch of thy hand, the glance of thine  
eye,

What causeth these thrills of delight thus to fly  
Through each channel of life, and sweetly to roll  
Like a flood of pure bliss o'er the face of the soul?  
Oh, tell me, ye who the deep problem can prove,  
Is not this the magical power of love?  
And who would not love thee, with all thy rare charms?  
Hath not Venus more strength than Mars, God of  
Arms?

Yet Venus herself hath no charms like to thine,  
Thou chosen, and honored, and loved, lady mine.  
Minerva no triumph of wisdom e'er wrought  
Surpassing the conquests of thy brilliant thought;  
And Sappho's soft strains, on her Lesbian isle,  
Had no power compared to thy heart-thrilling smile;  
Nor did Pythia e'er such wonders display,  
As flow from thy lips in sweet converse each day.

E'en the Cumæan Sibyl, whose beauty won  
The heart of Apollo, Latona's great son,  
Hadst thou lived in her day, would ne'er have been  
known :

The fame she has now would have then been thine own ;  
And Diana's self o'er Callisto the bear,  
Could no higher *honor* or *virtue* declare.  
But in vain would my muse thy attractions narrate,  
Which for words are too many, for numbers too great :  
Thy form is all beauty,—most lovely thy face,  
Thy voice is sweet music,—each action is grace ;  
Thy heart is all kindness,—thy mind is all thought ;  
Thy soul with devotion and charity fraught.  
Such are some of thy charms, may joy ever rest,  
With virtues so rare, in thy pure, gentle breast !  
May love, peace, and honor thy journey attend,  
Till in deathless glory that journey shall end !  
And then may that crown which unfading shall shine,  
With the full bliss of heaven, forever be thine !

The above complimentary effusion was by my kind and devoted friend the Rev. Dr. ——, whose many good qualities I cheerfully and dutifully notice, whose kind heart and services I cannot forget, and for whom I could have desired a more prosperous course. He had talents of a superior order,—God in mercy grant he is now where sin and sorrow are no more, through the atoning sacrifice of that Saviour whom, in common with us all, he so much needed, and whom I truly believe he so much loved !



## LINES TO MISS R. D. SMITH.

BY A FRIEND.

**N**OU have asked me to write you a line,  
And I fain would your wishes fulfill ;  
For one who hath charms such as thine,  
Must surely find friends where she will.  
  
But can Friendship, if worthy and true,  
Speak only to flatter or please ?  
Will it not for its object pursue  
Some ends far more noble than these ?  
I might sing of thy sparkling bright eyes ;  
Of thy brow where Minerva resides ;  
Of that beauty which with Psyche's vies,  
Or a thousand attractions besides :  
And yet would my muse but extol  
That which blooms but to wither and die.  
How vain ! oh, how vain is it all !  
As the dust where so soon it must lie.  
My muse would to loftier themes,  
Though in humble reliance, aspire,

And soaring away from Earth's dreams,  
Would for thee invoke Gabriel's fire.  
Oh that, with a heart filled with love,  
And faith fixed *in confidence* there,  
On the Saviour, who still pleads above,  
You would cast all your hope and your care !

C. C. V.

---

PARTING LINES TO A DEAR FRIEND.

Addressed to me on leaving Philadelphia for Boston, to pass the winter of 1854.

 AREWELL, farewell ! since thou wilt leave us,  
fairest,  
May guardian angels guide thee on thy way !  
May friends the purest, and may joys the rarest,  
Smile thy glad welcome where'er thou shalt stay !  
Cold the world is to thee, and grief and sorrow,  
Thus far, have marked the path thy feet have trod ;  
But as from darkness days their brightness borrow,  
So happier for the past may prove thy morrow.  
Grant it, O God !

Yet look not thou to earth for thy chief pleasures,  
Sin here throws poison in each cup of joy ;

Fading and perishing are all earth's treasures,  
But there are those which time ne'er can destroy.  
Though tossed and restless, as was the homeless dove,  
Unto the ark of God speed thou thy flight ;  
Admitted surely by his kind hand of love,  
Thou shalt life's raging waves ride far above,  
Safe in his sight.

Think not thou art friendless, though ofttimes weeping,  
There is One attends thee where'er thou art ;  
With hand almighty, and with eyes unsleeping,  
He will still shield and bless thy lonely heart.  
Trust thou alone in Him,—his will obeying,  
Watchfully shunning sin's bewitching snares ;  
And though thorns line the path where thou art straying,  
On his unchanging love thyself still staying,  
“ Cast all thy cares.”

And when from us, alas ! thou shalt be parted,  
'Midst other scenes and colder climes to dwell,  
Remember then the warm and faithful-hearted,  
Who now in sadness sigh their fond farewell !  
Think of the friends who here have stood beside thee,  
Who oft for thee with weeping eyes have prayed,  
Who now in ardent faith to God confide thee,  
And still will pray, whate'er on earth betide thee,  
God be her aid.

But, oh, remember, too, the humblest flowers,  
Which lowest bow beneath the darkened skies,  
Are first to drink from earth heaven's grateful showers,  
And first with brightest, sweetest smiles to rise :  
So if thou e'er would taste of heavenly pleasure,  
Thus humbly bow while clouds obscure thy way,  
And by a lowly life seek thou that treasure,  
A glorious life of bliss no mind can measure,  
In endless day.

Farewell, farewell ! and when perchance another,  
In tones of kindness, may salute thine ear,  
Thou then wilt think of him who as a brother,  
Oft o'er thy sorrows shed the burning tear ;  
But give thy love supreme to that Redeemer  
To whom he pointed thy sad, bleeding heart,  
Then shall we meet again where raptures linger,  
Far, far beyond the reach of grief or danger,  
No more to part.

PHILADELPHIA.





## FAREWELL LINES TO MISS M. R. D. SMITH,

BY SHE KNOWS WHOM.

**F**AREWELL, dear friend of many years,  
More dear for all thy burning tears,  
Which often flow ;  
'Tis truly said, "Earth's strongest tie  
Is that which links in sympathy  
*The heart to woe.*"

In memory's sacred cell concealed,  
With gems to no rude eye revealed,  
Our past shall be ;  
And yet thou canst not know but part,  
The tenderness this sorrowing heart  
*Hath felt for thee.*

The end has come ! and now no more  
On Schuylkill's banks, by Newport's shore,  
Or Bartram's shades,  
Or near where Fairmount's waters foam,  
Shall we in fond communings roam :  
*Thus pleasure fades.*

God send thee gentle friends and kind,  
To soothe and cheer thy troubled mind,

With hallowed power !

Oh, may He guard and guide thy way,  
And bless with Hope's inspiring ray

Its *latest hour* !

Farewell ! if on the foaming sea,

Still, I will raise my prayer for thee ;

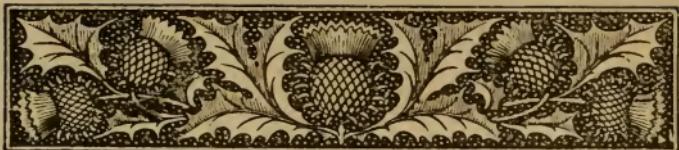
Or if I dwell

In distant lands, may you be blest

With life's pure joys and heaven's bright rest !

Farewell ! farewell !





## TO R. D. SMITH.

This is not Poetry, but Poetical Prose, of which I have a good deal.

This sweet, kindly address, however, from a valued friend of mine, a member of the Society of Friends, whom my mother greatly esteemed, I cannot but insert among my "leaves," as it was written in my early youth by one who has been steadfast and unchanging to me to the present time.

**G**OULD the warm wishes of a true friend avail thee, dear Rebecca, long ere this would those that often fill my heart for thee, have been blest to change thy sadly sorrowing to a happy lot. And if the record of bright wishes here send but a *momentary* thrill of joy through thy frame, lighting up thy face with its transient gleam; and prove but like moonbeams on troubled waters, breaking them into smiles of seeming gladness, though they be troubled waters still,—oh, would it might not be ever thus! would it might yet be the will of thy *all-wise* but *merciful* Heavenly Parent to bless thee *even* here! And that thou may become possessed of that "joy with which no stranger can intermeddle," that peace which the world knows not of, and finally attain the haven of rest where sorrows never come, is the heartfelt desire of thy sincere and affectionate friend,

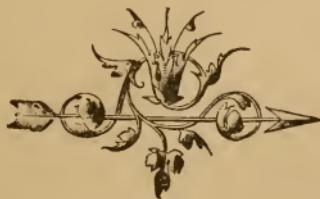
M.... L. E....



## TO MISS R. D. SMITH.

WRITTEN AT HER SIDE ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 17TH.

**M**INE be a place by beauty's side,  
Where wit and worth and grace beside  
In beauteous harmony preside.  
To list those tones, so sweet, so clear,  
They seem like music of the sphere  
Breathed soft at eventide.  
Oh, if ever now on earth is found  
Elysian bliss, such place, such sound,  
Its richest joys restore ;  
This fate be mine, I ask no more  
But this, such shrine to kneel before,  
To gaze, to wonder, and adore.





## “THE SUSTAINING VOICE WITHIN.”

**H**AST thou not felt in sorrow’s anguished hour,  
When boding grief’s pervading pall hung  
o’er thee,

The secret whispering of an unknown power,  
That brought bright gleams of cheering hope before  
thee?

Hast thou not known the future’s dubious way,  
As with the radiance of a sunbeam lightened,  
And the gray twilight of a fearful day,  
From threat’ning gloom into gladness brightened?

And when serene thy secret bosom holds  
Communion with itself in hallowed hour,  
Is it not then a spirit pure enfolds  
Thy spirit with the mantle of its power,

And teaches of a life beyond the skies,  
When the short conflict of this scene is o’er,  
When the rapt soul, in holy joy, shall rise,  
To taste of sorrow’s mingled cup no more?

Despond not, then, in grief's most gloomy day,  
For guardian angels are forever near,  
The soul sustaining with hope's lambent ray,  
And whisperings, to animate and cheer.

E. R. G. H.

NEWPORT.

---

### TO REBECCA.

S the lark that buildeth its nest on the ground,  
yet soareth to the "heavens," so thou, in lowly  
simplicity of heart, fair and gentle being,  
dweltest among the children of men, whilst thy spirit  
soareth above earth's coarser domains to regions of  
fruitful thought; meekly shalt thou win spirits to hover  
near and hearts to love thee.

As the wild rose that bloometh on the hillside and  
droops its modest head, so thou to the unappreciating  
many dweltest in the silentness of beauty; and, oh,  
may the bright smiles of an approving world illumine  
thy pathway of life midst undissembling joys!

May Heaven strew thy way with life's unfading  
flowers, of perfume sweet, and thy days pass sweetly  
away, calmly, gently, beautifully, as sinks the sun to  
rest in an unclouded sky: so may thy spirit depart to  
rise in the morning of the soul, in other and brighter  
worlds, blissful, eternal!

The following verses were attached :

The winter rose so rich and rare,  
Despite the cold, unfeeling air,  
Is like the virtue meek and mild  
That blooms amid the worldly wild :  
A blessed and a beauteous sight,  
A lesson of surpassing light.

Thus have I looked upon thy face,  
Beaming with strange, superior grace,  
Artless and beautiful and lone ;  
'Mid the rough world the worshiped one,  
Like that intense, enduring light  
So lustrous it absorbs the sight.

In thee I see the beauteous flower  
That grows more precious every hour,  
Proving how inward soul and strength  
Disarms the winter's stormiest length,  
And how, the power of life attained,  
Virtue is always self-sustained.

SENT ANONYMOUSLY.





## IMPROPTU. FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

This little Impromptu was written by a kind friend. I was invited to pay a visit to his house on Staten Island. I went, and on retiring to my room of a cold and wintry night, my heart was touched to find the following verses, with a lovely bouquet of roses and mignonette, lying on my dressing-table :

MISS REBECCA SMITH.



WELCOME, friend of *pleasant memories*,  
Ever gracious, truthful lone,  
*Most beloved when best we know thee*,

WELCOME to our Island Home.

May your sleep be peaceful and your dreams as bright and joyous as though your spirit were moved by the touch of an angel's wing !

God bless you !

I am now and forever your friend.

CILFTON, STATEN ISLAND,

February 12th, 1862.



## MEMORIES.

**A**MONG the grateful remembrances of the Past, is the untiring interest and regard for me of an enthusiastic gentleman, who, for more than fifteen years, was constantly sending me some friendly wish or expression in Poetry.\* I had lived in the same house with him and some of his family for a year or two in Philadelphia. I was not particularly intimate with him, but we always met on a friendly footing. He had written a small volume of Poems, dedicated to his mother. He knew I loved Poetry, and how true is the remark of Mary Howitt, that "Poetry is Freemasonry! They who render homage to it are related; they speak a word, make a sign, and immediately they know that they are brothers. They who live together impart to each other mutually the emotions of their hearts; they who meet in a foreign land, like pious pilgrims, by what path they have wandered thither, and through what cities they have come.

---

\* The two preceding addresses are by him.

Poetry has the peculiarity of unlocking the heart and calling forth mutual confidence." So this gentleman, finding me a sympathetic and a willing listener, demonstrated his gratitude for me in various ways, and for years, on the 14th of February, sent me a beautiful missive befitting the day. Nor had I the slightest idea from whom they came until after my return from my first visit abroad, where I had been three years; when on the same day, 14th of February, came a letter, with some flowers and some verses. I knew the handwriting, but not the constant friend. We met, however, afterwards, and he revealed himself to me.

I will quote a little of the letter, and then give the verses, as in duty bound, in this volume. As I have already remarked, he was an enthusiast.

"Memory, that part of man which never dies, is at work, and pleasant reminiscences of other days possess me !

"How beautiful, when memory comes to us a pleasant visitant ! The soul is a mirror on which can be pictured every thought, act, and desire. Sympathy is the telegraph over which are continually passing the needs of mortals, making known their conditions and whereabouts.

"Oh, Memory, pale and thoughtful maid ! thou comest robed in pensive beauty, to tell us of the

*never-forgotten Past*, of those for whom we cared, of whom we oft in memory held dear while gazing adown life's vista, and wished to see again; and when the seasons had changed, and many had come and passed away, one who, like a lost *Star* which we had missed in the blue dome of heaven, met our rapt sight again as sunlight on flowers, all bright and beautiful.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

“Gentle lady, esteemed and never forgotten,—one whom thou hast known, and to whom thou wert ever gracious, hath seen thee again as a bright vision, the same dear presence as known in years agone, and doth wish again to offer up the homage of his willing heart to thee, and for whom most deferentially he hath ever cherished *the kindest thoughts*. A blessing he would ask for thee.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

“May peace and joy go hand-in-hand together, and linger nigh where'er thy footsteps stray! May all life's good things, and every blessing mortal here may know, as a bright halo o'er thy pathway ever be flung, to cheer and gladden thy truthful heart, and make this world to thee a beauteous Eden spot!

“Though I may have been forgotten, thou, gentle lady, hast not, can never be. This same date of the month, 14th February, hath brought to thee many times a token of remembrance.

“Blessings be thine forever and for thee.

“Smiling Hope in bright array  
 Points where gladness leads the way;  
 Old memories crowd upon my brain and heart,  
 And I am thine most faithfully.

C....”

---

THESE VERSES CAME WITH THE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.



HAT worthy offering shall I lay  
 On *memory's* consecrated shrine?  
 What tribute to the olden day,  
 To tell to other hearts of mine?  
 What token, which, when distance dwells  
 Between the friends of other hours,  
 Most sadly, eloquently tells  
 Of feelings, like the words of flowers,  
 Silent and beautiful, yet fraught  
 With all the strength of living thought?  
 What record shall I leave, which seen,  
 Shall make once more the desert green,  
 Give Fancy wings of golden light,  
 Whence dewdrops shall descend around,  
 Making the darkened spirits bright,  
 And memory's region holy ground?

Telling of one who loves to wake  
*Remembrance*, for her own sweet sake.

With profound respect, for  
MISS M. R. D. SMITH.  
C....

PHILADELPHIA, February 14th, 1866.





## A WITTY COMPLIMENT

OFFERED TO ME BY BALL HUGHS, SCULPTOR.

**V**ULCAN forged the bolts of Jove,  
A mighty Smith was he ;  
I've seen a Smith could forge love's links,  
Would bind the raging sea.

For the Smith's address, apply to  
BALL HUGHS, *Sculptor,*  
DORCHESTER.

October, 1849.





## TO YOU.

Lines written to me the day after a visit to Mr. Cushing's garden,  
at Watertown, Mass.

**T**ADY, there moments are on earth  
So lovely, passing sweet,  
That twilight memory calls them back  
From their unknown retreat,  
To offer at their holy shrine  
Devotion such as angels pour,  
With voice and harp, from thrones divine,  
For evermore !

Such moments those of yesterday,  
To-day I find them *past*,  
I may not see their like again,  
Too sweet they were to last ;  
But still in never-dying shades,  
Fresh, vigorous, they spring,  
And from the spirit never fades  
Their *halo* ring !

And yet, fair lady, 'mid those groves,  
 That rivaled Eastern bowers,  
 That gleamed in their magnificence,  
 Surpassing fairy flowers,  
 I gazed not on their flashing leaves,  
 Nor on each radiant hue,  
 But turned where beauty brighter weaves  
 Her chain round you.

But pray forgive me ; do not frown :  
 The fault was yours,—not mine ;  
 For who would look on flowers ? earth's eyes,  
 When they could gaze on thine ?  
 The flowers we have always there,  
 To worship, love, adore,  
 But you,—a thousand times as fair,  
 May come no more !

E. B.





## TO I D A.

Addressed to me by Mr. ——, of New York. I returned the original, but kept a copy.

**I**T was not well that in the sacred aisles,  
When bowed the knee and sunk the prostrate  
form  
  
In homage and in awe, the great Creator  
Was lost while gazing on his fairest work ;  
Nor was it well that the new flame within  
Kindled so brightly that devotion paled  
And died beneath its fires, and then my heart  
Made stern resolves, but each returning morn  
Has seen them melt like gentle dews away.  
  
It were in vain, dear Ida, to conceal  
The interest with which you have inspired me ;  
Since first I knew your every look and tone,  
Each act, however simple or disguised,  
Have marked its rise and progress, and it grew  
Unconsciously, like flowers from buds to blossoms,  
In the new, genial soil your loveliness

And virtues threw around it,—I would speak  
As though my inward soul were bared before thee ;  
Torn by an adverse fortune from those ties  
That bind to life, by a wide ocean severed,  
Its dark waves rolling far between, my heart,  
Amid its barren and unvalued joys,  
Longs for an object where to garner up  
Its choicest affections,—nay, dear Ida, hear me :  
As yet you know me not,—the spring of life,  
With all its buds of early bloom, is gone ;  
And autumn's fading hues and falling leaves  
Ere long will gather round me ; yet, unlike  
The herd of men, my heart, still fresh and warm,  
Beats with the pulse and kindles with the glow  
Of youthful feeling. In that heart alone  
I know no change. I feel as if decay,  
That principle of nature, found no part  
Of my essential being,—feel as if  
My mind and my affections are thus destined  
To range on in their wide and active sphere,  
Unfettered and unworn. While years glide by,  
Still, are my mind and my affections free,—  
Cares, sorrows, and the lapse of time have not  
Chilled or repressed them. As in days gone by,  
I love the forms of nature as they spread  
In majesty and varied beauty round me,  
Art's pleasing shapes have still the power to charm,

And music still to ravish with its sweetness,  
While youthful beauty wakens soft delight,  
And kindles all the soul to virtuous love.

Is it, then, strange I thus am drawn to you;  
And plead a suppliant for that heart of thine?

Dare you to love me, dare to be my friend,  
Companion of my bosom's confidence? to yield  
Your sweet affections to me? Can you feel  
My motives are as pure as are the pulses  
Of your own young and innocent heart? Then love me  
As even sisters are not wont to love:

Give me your heart; yet if it be to you  
A gift too costly, oh, withhold it still!

If it estrange you from one moral sense,  
Or wake distrust of self within that bosom;  
If it excite one pang of soft regret,  
Or violate one sacred duty there;

If, above all, it threaten to ensnare  
Your peace of mind, and cast a chill or gloom  
Around the hearth your presence once enlivened,  
Then give it not,—I would not purchase bliss

At cost so fearful. But if hours are passed  
In silent sadness, and you feel a void

Deep in the inmost soul, which naught of earth,  
With all its proud ambition and desires,  
Can ever fill; and if at eve's lone hour  
You sigh in joyless solitude, and lonely

Even 'mid society ; and if the chord  
Of holy sympathies untouched, you sigh  
'Mid other joys, and music's pleasing tones  
Fall coldly on your ear, and Poesy  
Enchants you only with her pensive strain,  
And wakes to deepest sadness, and you pine  
For friendship, sympathy, confiding love,  
With a rich store of feeling in return  
To meet the heart's fond longings, oh, if this  
You feel, and dare to trust me with your love,  
It shall be cherished like some petted bird  
That nestles in the bosom that it rests on,  
And welcomed like the gentle dove that brought  
The olive-branch across the waters ; like  
The bright arch hanging o'er the passing gloom  
Of storms and lighting up with joy and brightness,  
Like fountains in the desert ; like the rose  
That spreads its sweetness and its bloom within  
Some lonely wild,—a rare and precious gift,  
More worth than all the mines of wealth that veiled  
Lie buried in Earth's bosom : such shall be,  
So cherished and so prized, thy heart to me !



MISS REBECCA D. SMITH.

 WOULD not praise thee, flattered as thou art  
In the bright circle of thy attached friends,  
But I may say farewell,—and dare to ponder  
Upon the soft-breathed witchery of thy words,  
And on the tones of thy melodious voice,  
More sweet than the song of early birds.

And oft my glowing imagination  
Shall picture forth the sweet expression  
Of thy face, and the matchless beauty of thy form,  
Whose every movement is full of grace.

Yes, thou within my heart shalt have a place,  
And thou whose song can make the full heart flutter  
In the sad bosom like a happy bird,  
Whose look reveals all that thy heart would utter  
Before these smiling lips have breathed a word,  
The holy breathing of whose heart was heard  
Only by angels watching thy sweet dreams,  
The holy stillness of whose heart is stirred  
Only by seraphs breathing its sweet strains,  
And now I ask *forgiveness* if too ardent my admiration seems.

Adieu, adieu, my friend !

B.... F. F....

NEW ORLEANS.

( 58 )

## A SWEET TRIBUTE.

The following verses were written by my friend A. C. L., now Madame B., of New York, whose culture, genius, and amiable character above all, render her friendship prized and esteemed.

 HEN I have gazed upon that marble face  
Wrought by the Grecian sculptor's matchless  
skill,

On which the lingering eye can never trace  
Aught but the beauty of perfection still,  
I have admired ; but when I met the chill  
And vacant gazing of its marble eye,—  
The eye whose deeps a soul alone can fill,—  
I looked no longer on the senseless clay,  
Its beauty heeding not, I coldly turned away.

And thus from many a bright and dazzling eye,  
From many a brow like the young lily fair,  
From cheeks that rival sunset's loveliest dye,  
And from sweet lips and the soft smiles they wear,  
I coldly turn, "for soul is wanting there."  
But when I see expression sweet as thine,  
So softly bright, so beautifully fair,  
When loveliness of form and soul combine,  
I gladly turn to pay my homage at the shrine.

To REBECCA D. SMITH, with the best wishes and the  
affectionate regards of her friend,

A.... C. L....

( 59 )



## A SACRED REMEMBRANCE.

**A**BOUT six weeks after my beloved mother's death, I went to Newport, Rhode Island. For a month previous I had been at Perth Amboy, where I had been under strong religious impressions, and had serious thoughts of joining the Episcopal Church: although I saw much there that I could not entirely sympathize with, and a formality I could not approve. In looking at that church, I had often been reminded of the remarks of the excellent Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, who, although an Episcopal divine, was liberal enough and candid enough to admit its errors, saying, "The Church of England has always borne the mark of its birth, the child of arrogance and pretension," etc.; but at least I wished to be baptized, not for the sake of joining the church, but in obedience to the commands of Christ; and the event took place at the little church at Perth Amboy, I frankly telling the officiating clergyman that I wished to be baptized not as an Episcopalian, but simply because I believed Christ had commanded it. I did not feel more comfortable afterwards; my mind was sore perplexed; and, the first Sunday after my arrival in

Newport, I wrote to a Christian friend, stating all my feelings and imaginations and doubts, saying I did not know *where* to attend divine worship, 'but, after all, thought I would go to the Friends' meeting. I sent for a carriage and went, arriving there very late; and soon after I took my seat, a minister of the Society arose and preached a sermon so singularly applicable to me, my heart was overwhelmed within me. Among other things, he said these striking words,—he had been addressing some one individual in the assembly, and remarked, in continuation, "Oh, thou, whoever thou art, and I believe I may bring it home to thee with great particularity, thou hast seen within a brief period, in the death of one near and dear to thee, what a death of peace a life of devotedness can produce." And he went on speaking words so illustrative of my position in every way, and my state of mind, that I was affected to tears, and, but that I controlled myself, would have sobbed aloud: he spoke of my trials and griefs, of the pleasant pictures which my heart clung to, and then of mercy and peace for me and the love and care of a gracious God. I was, although profoundly moved, greatly comforted; but after the meeting broke up and persons generally had parted, I still continued sitting with bowed head, till a voice near me said, "My dear Rebecca, I do not wonder thou feels this: it is the most wonderful instance I have ever known of

the immediate inspiration of our friends." She continued : "I do not want thee to speak much about it ; but to ponder upon it and be thankful in thy heart." She then said, "Thou had better not go back to thy boarding-house, but come home and dine with us." I did so, and went to meeting again in the afternoon. I felt tranquil, and had the blessed assurance I was cared for by my heavenly Father. I wished to be humble under so gracious a feeling,—but I was happy. I knew this preacher had never seen me before, that he knew nothing whatever about me, that no one knew that I was in the town, above all, that I would attend the meeting. It was therefore a very remarkable thing. I went the next day to see this man of God, who, like the disciples of old, "ministered to his own necessities;" —he was poor as to this world's goods, but rich in things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven. I found him in his little shop, an obscure shoemaker. This man, so rich with God's holy spirit, so intellectual, so forcible in his discourses, so eloquent, with a heart glowing with zeal and faith as Saint Paul's, was one whom the great of this world would scarcely own, but precious in his heavenly Father's sight, and heir to a glory the superficial minions of this world's kingdom can never hope for. I told him I had listened to his discourse of yesterday: that it had deeply touched me. I stated my reasons, and mentioned the loss of my

mother. I begged to ask him if he had ever heard of me, or knew anything of me in any way; he gently smiled, and said, "Nothing whatever." He added, "I remarked a young woman weeping very much as I passed out of meeting, and I afterwards asked my daughter, 'Who was that young woman?' " I paid him a precious visit, precious from the spirit and unction of goodness which this devoted Christian shed upon my heart. From that time I had the privilege of going to see him again and again, and was always received with the kindness that becomes the Christian character. I told him all my trials, doubts, buffettings, and conflicts. God Almighty, in adorable mercy, for Jesus' sake, grant that the words he once addressed to me may be realized. They were as follows: "Rebecca, if I ever get to heaven, I expect to see thee there!" God grant that it be so, Christ grant it, Holy Spirit grant it, blessed Trinity grant it! Amen! Amen!

I discovered at length he wrote poetry. I went to him and asked him to give me a few lines. His reply was, with a sweet smile, "Rebecca, poesy does not flourish in a shoemaker's shop." But, seeing my wish, and that I was not disposed to take a refusal, he gave me as follows:



TO M. R. D. SMITH.

NEWPORT, 9th mo. 2d, 1849.

**H**E dew of Hermon silent fell,"  
    Searching along the ground,  
        Till every thirsting, fading plant  
            New life and verdure found.  
The ointment poured on Aaron's head  
    Ran down upon his beard,  
        Spreading a perfume o'er his robes,  
            And beauteous all appeared :  
So when our social heritage  
    Lies dropped with heavenly dew,  
        Verdure and blossom mark the field,  
            And fragrance swells anew.  
Rich in such favors here below,  
    And hopes of things in heaven,  
        Mayst thou hope onward till that day  
            Possession shall be given !

MOSES H. BEDE.





BY THE SAME.

WRITTEN IN 1864.

This most esteemed friend, a recommended minister of the Society of Friends, some years afterwards sent me an interesting letter, in which he wrote: "Calling to mind the circumstance of thy too short call on us, I could hardly omit the expression of words as they are in the note accompanying."

I had paid him a hurried visit at his comfortable cottage in Pawtucket, near Providence, Rhode Island, on my return from Boston to Philadelphia. The letter and verses were the result of our brief interview.

**R**EBECCA, hast thou ever known  
The infinite worth of a sigh,—  
That half-suppressed breath which alone  
Seeks hearing and grace from on High?  
There are pent-up emotions of soul  
Which thy tongue no wording has given;  
And thy Saviour interprets the whole  
As prayer finding language in heaven.  
Hast thou ever valued a tear,—  
That pearl from a fathomless sea,—

Which renders the object more dear,  
On whom our affections may be ?  
'Tis a pearl from the hand of thy Lord,  
Which trusting souls ever have kept :  
When for our griefs He found *not one word*,  
Then Jesus in sympathy wept.  
Has that scene ever burst on thy sight,  
When thy Lord, with "*the faithful and few*,"  
In fear and in trembling by night  
For prayer to the garden withdrew,  
When bearing the sin of the world,  
In suffering anguish profound ?  
Ay, we tremble e'en here to behold  
His "*face sweating blood to the ground*."  
Hast thou measured the depths of that love,  
When remembering thee in that prayer,  
That believers may meet Him above  
With the *blessed, and ever be there* ?  
That thy griefs He endured as his own,  
And made all thy sufferings his ;  
Felt every deep pang of earth's home,  
That all may be sharers in bliss ?  
And wilt thou *believe in his Grace*,  
Through which all our blessings are given ?  
He "*went to prepare thee a place*;"  
And *comes to prepare thee for Heaven*.

When late we exchanged the adieu,—  
I, with my dear home to remain,  
And thou, with the city in view,  
To share this world's conflicts again,—  
I felt that *the cup was e'en there*  
In fullness wrung out at thy side,  
*In the quest*: “Who for me *can* take care?—  
*Rest in Heaven!* by whom be supplied?”  
But I saw the fed sparrow yet lived,  
And the lily yet royally dressed;  
And my faith in rich mercy revived,  
That, the *heart sorrowing now may be blessed*.  
Thick darkness, surrounding the Throne,  
May veil the full majesty here;  
And the riches of grace be unknown,  
Though the Giver of blessings be near.  
What mortal could compass the thought  
That ruled in the Infinite mind,  
When feeding for Israel was brought,  
And surely, though borne on the wind!  
And who then conceived that a word  
Could nature's strong fastness unlock,  
And a famishing host be restored  
By streams bursting out of the rock!  
If to deeds of such wonder thy Lord  
Would add but the gift,—*to believe*,

Thy heart, holding faithful his word,  
Would help thee *to ask*, and *receive*.  
Let the dead world but bury its dead,  
Let vain things in vanity lie,  
And a diadem waiting thy head  
The victor receiveth, on High.

M . . . . B . . .

PAWTUCKET, 1864.





## TO MISS R. D. SMITH.

The following was written by the gallant but unfortunate Lieut. George Decatur Twiggs, who had distinguished himself in a prior action, and was killed serving under Major Lally, U. S. A., on the 12th of August, 1847, in a combat at the National Bridge, near Vera Cruz, while discharging the duty of Lieutenant in the place of one who had just fallen.



HAPPY life be thine, lady, thrice happy  
may it be,

And, oh! from every thought of pain mayst  
thou, loved friend, be free;

May every joy that earth can give, all happiness, be  
thine,

And round about *thy pathway* bright may blessings  
closely twine

With every hope and every wish thy gentle heart can  
know,

And every prayer, dear lady, that from thy sweet lips  
flow;

And with every boon thou ask'st and with sweet peace  
be thou blest,

And mayst thou never, never know a heart without a  
rest.

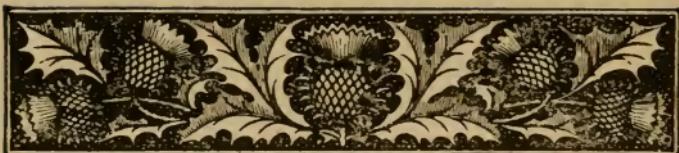
May care and sickness, with their train, dear lady,  
from thee flee,  
And leave bright health to whisper sweet its accents  
dear to thee ;  
Yes, may it gladly murmur like soft music in thine  
ear,  
And may thy bright eye never shroud its lustre with  
a tear ;  
Oh, may the clouds of sorrow dark, that gather over-  
head,  
And lower wild and fearfully, and fill our hearts with  
dread,  
Be ever blown aside from thee ; and mayst thou never  
know,  
Dear lady, what it is to feel the bitterness of woe.

Tread in thy sainted mother's path, for 'tis a glorious  
one ;  
Like her, oh, never turn aside, but steadily press on ;  
Take, like that dear departed saint, Religion for thy  
stay,  
And God, who was thy mother's guide, will guide thee  
on thy way.  
The road may seem a rugged one when gazed on from  
afar,  
But yet 'tis safe,—'tis lighted by a beauteous beacon  
star ;

And though the path is narrow, still 'tis smooth when  
we are near,  
For 'tis cut and wrought out by a noble Pioneer.  
I ask not Fortune's gifts for thee—they cannot purchase  
joy,  
They have no power to calm the heart, they cannot  
grief destroy ;  
I ask her not with glittering gems or gold to deck thee  
now,  
But this I ask—may happiness *forever* light thy brow.

G. D. T.





## WE THREE.

Some years ago I was associated intimately with a lady,\* who became to me almost as a mother. We lived in the same house together for a long time, and I recall vividly her warm expressions of interest and affection for me. We had a mutual friend, who was a clergyman, who was devoted to us, and who seemed our shadow.

He, as well as my kind friend, has passed away. The following Prayer by him still lives; may its invocation still bring a benediction upon the one that yet survives of "We Three."

**G**O'D of grace ! hear thou our prayer ;  
And let us three thy goodness share ;  
As, joined by common ills and woes,  
Beset by sorrows and by foes,  
Homeless and fatherless we roam,  
To thee, in humble prayer, we come.

The sparrow thou dost shield and bless ;  
The lily clothe in gorgeous dress ;

---

\* This lady was Miss H.... T...., a convert from Quakerism to the Episcopal Church, of which she was a faithful member; and she was for many years Superintendent of the Sunday-school of St. Philip's Church, in Vine Street above Seventh.

The little ravens cry to Thee,  
And Thou dost grant their suppliant plea ;  
Oh, then, be Thou our guard and guide,  
And o'er our way, in love, preside.

Oh, may thy Spirit's blessed light  
Reveal a Saviour to our sight,  
And as in common griefs and fears  
We mingle now our sighs and tears,  
So, by a common faith, may we  
Find hope, and rest, and joy, in Thee.

May we on Him in trust repose,  
Who bore for us far greater woes,—  
Who laid his starry crown aside,  
And on the cross in anguish died,  
That we, by penitence and faith,  
Might gain a life which knows no death.

Lead us to Him, and may our hearts  
Taste the sweet joy his smile imparts,  
When, sins subdued and all forgiven,  
The soul exulting looks to Heaven,  
Where sorrow's night shall fade away  
In one eternal, cloudless day.

Oh, may his love our love inspire !  
Our zeal with holy ardor fire

To live to do his blessed will,  
To bid each murmuring thought be still,  
To count all earthly good but loss,  
And gladly bear his holy cross.

Help, help us, O Almighty One,  
To press with deathless vigor on  
In that straight path our Saviour trod,—  
The only path that leads to God.  
Then, when this fleeting life is o'er,  
We to our home in Heaven shall soar.

Bless those we love,—our foes forgive ;  
Let earth thy glorious truth receive ;  
And, oh ! we plead by Him who died,—  
By Him who still pleads at thy side ;  
In his dear name we cry to Thee :  
Lord, hear, and love, and save us three.





## VERSES BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The ensuing lines were addressed to me by John Howard Payne, the author of that charming song, "Home, Sweet Home." I knew Mr. Payne quite intimately in New York; he went with me one day to see Jenny Lind. *We* were received graciously; but an incident occurred there which I shall never forget, and which did not develop the more favorable part of her character. I will not, however, name it.

Mr. Payne, along with his verses, sent me a witty note, which is worthy of being transcribed here. In it he alludes to the latter portion of the couplet written by my friend Mr. Twiggs,—

"A happy life be thine, lady, thrice happy may it be;  
And, oh! from every thought of pain mayst thou, loved friend, be  
free."

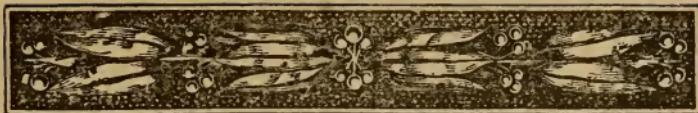


STRANGE seems the prejudice wherewith  
All persecute the name of Smith;  
Since, through the fascination  
Of one possessor of the name,  
Such thrilling titles it can claim  
To——more than admiration.

And yet, to those unknowing her  
Whose spells upon that name confer  
    Enchantment, far more strange it  
Must seem that we should also find  
There are so many of a mind  
    To make the charmer change it.

J. P. H.





## NOTE FOR MY ALBUM.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

NEW YORK, 673 Broadway,  
November 11th, 1850.

**H**MUST not, my dear Miss Smith, thank the gods that I am not poetical, when its consequences make me apprehensive of your considering me as desecrating your album by the doggerel I have inserted; nevertheless, I will not deprive myself of the agreeable opportunity you permit of a place among my betters, especially since—as the old rhyme-sterner in the play says—I know that my verses, bad as they may be, are better than most people's prose, because they are true. Permit me to add, that, much as I admire what my predecessors have achieved for you, there is one among them with all of whose lines I cannot entirely concur. I allude to the latter portion of the couplet,—

“A happy life be thine, lady, thrice happy may it be;  
And, oh! from every thought of *pain* mayst thou, loved  
friend, be free!”

For, although no one can wish you more happiness than I do, it would render me extremely uncomfortable to suppose that your eloquent appreciator's depreciation for you against "every thought of *pain*" should not admit of some exception.

On the contrary, you have so emboldened me by the allowance of a corner in your beautiful volume of written recollections by others, as to inspire me with a hope that you will sometimes, among the more beautiful *unwritten* ones in your own heart of those by whom you have been thus remembered, give at least a momentary "thought" to

Yours, most respectfully and faithfully,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.





## JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

### AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

Whilst gathering together my leaves from the Past, with a view of placing them more permanently together, I came across this anecdote of John Howard Payne, in the *Evening Bulletin*, of, I think, January 10th, 1872. As Mr. Payne is among those whose poetry to me I have collected here, it seems not inappropriate to add this interesting account to his facetious addresses to me.

HE Savannah (Ga.) *News* is reminded of an incident in the life of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," which occurred in Georgia many years ago, and which proved that the question of the authorship of that world-popular lyric is not confined exclusively to the literati of either Europe or this country.

"At the time of the troubles in this State, growing out of the removal of the Cherokee Indians about the year 1836, John Howard Payne, then in search of material for a contemplated work on the Aborigines of America, was a guest of John Ross, Head Chief of the

Cherokee Nation, who resided in Tennessee, just over the Georgia line. A troop called the Georgia Guard, under the command, we believe, of Colonel, afterwards General Bishop, had been organized for the protection of settlers on the Indian frontier. Northern emissaries, pretended missionaries, had been among the Indians, stirring up trouble and instigating them to hostilities against the whites. News reached the camp of the Georgia Guard that one of these characters was at that time at Ross's house, endeavoring to persuade the Indians not to leave the State in compliance with the treaty with the Federal Government. Such interference being regarded as dangerous to the peace and safety of the white settlements, a detachment of the mounted Guard proceeded in the night to Ross's house, where they surprised Mr. Payne, and, regardless of his explanations and protests, took him prisoner. In the dark stormy night he was made to mount his horse and accompany the guard some ten or fifteen miles through a wild mountainous country to their camp.

"The troop was composed of young mountaineers, who, with their strong prejudices against the Yankee missionaries, as they were called, were not inclined to be very civil or obliging to their captive. From them Mr. Payne could learn nothing satisfactory in regard to the charges against him, why he was deprived of his

liberty, nor what disposition they designed to make of him. Under these circumstances, as his horse stumbled and plunged in the thick darkness, over a rough path, while his captors sang their boisterous songs or enjoyed their rude jokes, often at his expense, his meditations were of a sombre and melancholy character. At one time a natural vocalist broke forth in ‘Home, Sweet Home.’ He sang it remarkably well, and as the rich, pure tones of his fine tenor voice swelled upon the midnight air, and woke the echoes of the silent woods, his companions ceased their boisterous conversation, while some good voices joined in the chorus. If the touching melody ‘soothed the savage breast’ and struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of his rude captors, it stirred the profoundest sensibilities of the unhappy captive, and all unseen by them the tears flowed down his cheeks as he rode forward in silence.

“As the song ceased and the echoes of the chorus died away in the distance, the poet checked his horse until the singer came up with him.

“They rode along side by side for a few yards, the young man still humming the air he had just been singing, while Mr. Payne’s mind was, perhaps, contrasting his present sad situation with happier scenes of the past, associated with his immortal song. At length he ventured to address his guard.

“‘You have an excellent voice, young man.’

“‘Well, yes,’ he replied; ‘I can sing a considerable of a stave when I try.’

“‘You sang “Home, Sweet Home,” just now, remarkably well.’

“‘That’s because I like that song. Whenever I sing it, it makes me feel good, somehow.’

“‘Do you know who wrote it?’

“‘No. I don’t know who writ it, but he must a’ been a monstrous smart man, whoever he was.’

“‘You will, perhaps, be surprised when I inform you that the author of that song is now addressing you.’

“‘What!’

“‘I am the writer of the song you just sung.’

“At this statement the young mountaineer, with a loud laugh, lay back in his saddle and shouted to his comrades: ‘What do you think, boys? Old Saddle-bags says he writ “Home, Sweet Home,” and I got it out of the “Western Songster” more’n a year ago!’

“It was useless after that for the poet to make any explanations. The ‘Western Songster’ settled the question of authorship, and Mr. Payne was glad when some incident changed the topic of conversation, and he ceased to be the object of the coarse ridicule of his rude and unfeeling persecutors.

“The writer heard Mr. Payne relate the incident to the late Dr. Longstreet in Augusta only a few days

after its occurrence. We should state that Mr. Payne, after being conveyed to the camp of the Georgia Guard, was detained there a day or two, until his real character was ascertained. His arrest was much regretted by the people of Georgia."

---

TO MISS REBECCA D. SMITH,

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES.

OW modest in color, in texture how fine !  
Fit garniture those for hands so divine ;  
How I envy the office that to them is given !  
To protect those sweet hands, to *me* it were heaven.

T..... B.....





## WOODBURY.

Spending some weeks at Washington, in 1851, I lived at the same hotel as Judge W.....'s family, with whom I was on friendly terms.

At parting, the Judge wrote the following in my album, which, coming from an aged man, and one who had served and was high in the esteem of his country, is not without interest on that account.

### I.

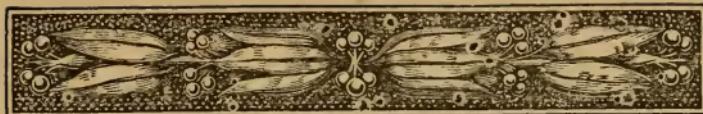
 LINE poetic for a beauty's book,  
 Of none should be required  
 Not poet born,—not inspired  
 With thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

### II.

In daily life, the heart in prose  
 May gush with hope—despair ;  
 Yet for a page so fair  
 Belong but gems of poetry and love.

WASHINGTON, 7th March, 1851.

To Miss R. D. SMITH, with my kindest wishes for her happiness.



WRITTEN BY MRS. . . . . , IN 1863.

**A**H ! veil not thou the lustre of thy soft, dark  
eyes,

Nor suffer the white lids to droop, hiding  
the tears

Which spring from the heart's deep fount, as memory  
flies

Back through the mists and gloom of weary years.

I cannot bear to see thee weep, or hear the sighs

That heave thy gentle breast as thy soft tones

Linger in trembling woe o'er years gone by,

And the bright hopes that with those years have  
flown.

Well do I know that thou hast suffered ; hearts like  
thine

Feel deeply every rude or chilling breath ;

'Tis like a fragile plant, or tender clinging vine,

Which, torn from its support, soon droops in death.

I know how hard it is to lift the eyes

Toward Heaven's blue vault, longing for light,

And find that darkness cold and dreary veils the skies,

Till every star is wrapt in deepest night.

Life teems with flowers, varied, bright and sweet ;  
But when thy hand with eager gladness sought  
To pluck them, like to the dust beneath thy fairy feet  
They turned (oh, with what woe is such experience  
fraught !).

When thy kind heart swelled with some promised joy,  
And throbbed, glad at its coming bliss,  
Thou'st never found that bliss without alloy,  
Until thou'st cried, " God, what is life like this ! "

And yet, dear friend, thou'st much to give thee joy on  
earth :

Thou hast been honored, loved, and sought  
By many, great of nature and of birth ;  
With homage, admiration, love, thy life is fraught.  
Should this be all forgotten,—cast aside ?

No, darling, nor will you forget them in your days of  
grief ;  
A memory of these things in your heart abide,  
And in your darkest hours bring some relief.

For all things sweet and joyous come from God,  
As well as sorrows, which but try the heart  
To task its strength. The path great Christians trod  
Of old, was full of thorns. Yet did the pain impart  
New strength and beauty ; as we oft are told.

May God for thee all earthly blessings send,  
And crown thee with glory when life shall end.



T O R. D. S M I T H.

**E**RE the silver cord be loosened,  
And the bowl beside it lies  
Broken at the troubled fountain  
Vainly sought to for supplies ;  
Ere the music and the sunshine  
Which have made this earth so bright  
Shall have deepened into silence,  
Shall have vanished into night ;

Ere the ties of earth around thee  
Like the leaves of Autumn lie,  
And its rainbow forms of beauty  
Vanish from thy sunset sky ;  
May a heart which inly pineth  
For communion higher far,—  
For a love undimmed and changeless,—  
Than its brightest day-dreams are,—

Seek, in realms of fadeless splendor,  
Joys which earth hath never known,—

Hopes which ne'er elude possession,  
Love undying as its own ;  
Till thy joy becomes fruition,  
Till thy hope becomes sublime,  
And the love of Christ thy Saviour  
Triumphs over Death and Time,

Is the very sincere desire of thy attached cousin,

M... N.... L....

STENTON.





## B E A U T I F U L S O N N E T

ADDRESSED TO ME BY THE REV. C. .... W. ....

**M**Y name amid memorials !  
  Oh, than this  
Ambition hath no dream more fair and high,  
With all its hopes of glory ! Thus to live  
Amid the memories of one gentle heart,  
A sculpture on the tablet of the soul  
In this poor world of changes.

And for thee,  
Lady, had I a power to work my will  
Amid Eternal councils, and could bow  
Archangels to my bidding, and bring down  
All radiant things around thee, till thy life  
Should wear the very mantling light of heaven,—  
Oh, not of this should be thy rapture wrought ;  
But with a love upspringing from this life  
Immortal and celestial, I would win  
For thee, amid the splendors of the skies,

A Guerdon of *more glory*,—*Thine should be*  
A record in *Eternity*,—*Thy name*,  
Amid *Divine memorials* kept in love,  
Writ in the volume of the Book of Life.

Yours, very truly,

C . . . . . W . . . . .

June 10th, 1851.





## A C R O S T I C,

ADDRESSED TO MISS REBECCA D. SMITH.

### IMPROMPTU.

Written on reading her memoir of her mother.

**R**EAD well thyself the book thou writest so  
well ;  
Each page is laden with the gems of truth !  
Beside the love of which thy pages tell,  
Each line's a lesson to improve thy youth.  
Calm on the lake at summer eve we see  
Complacently our every feature shown ;  
And thus in memory's mirror 'tis for thee,  
Dear friend, to make *her* virtues all thine own !  
Since piety and grace can win us heaven,  
Must souls immortal emulate the just ;  
Incite by memories such as thou hast given,  
To follow her, and, like her, to be blessed,—  
Her heaven to be our everlasting rest.

J. L. . . . . S. . . . .

( 91 )



ADDRESSED TO MISS R. D. SMITH,

UPON READING HER MEMORIAL OF HER MOTHER.

**B**RIGHT softened beams of glorious light  
The setting sun displays,  
And gilds the clouds with traces bright  
Of his expiring rays.

So have thy last,—thy parting hours  
Shed light upon my heart ;  
And from the grave I gather flowers  
Which scents of heaven impart.

The holy death of saints is blessed ;  
Their life a perfume lends ;  
Thy memory on my heart shall rest  
As dew from heaven descends.

Oh, God ! may I, like her, in thee  
My final hope repose,—  
In death no king of terrors see,  
But joy my course to close.

NEW YORK, December 23d, 1850.

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## POETIC GEM.

I had the pleasure to meet, at Saratoga, in the year 1850, Bishop Spencer, at that time Lord Bishop of Jamaica. We often talked and walked together. He recited once to me some beautiful verses by his father, the Bishop of Exeter, that I had always ignorantly believed were by Moore, beginning with,—

“ Too late I stayed; forgive the crime :  
    Unheeded flew the hours.  
How noiseless falls the foot of time  
    That only treads on flowers,” etc.

On leaving Saratoga, he wrote the following graceful lines in my album :

**N**OT to a fragile page confined,  
    Which any idle hand may tear,  
But on the tablet of thy mind  
I'd have my memory appear ;  
And if on that so lucid sphere  
    Aught of reflected light may shine,  
Then be this verse a moonbeam here,  
Whose noonday lustre's only thine.

A. G. S.

( 93 )



## TO MISS SMITH.

During the autumn of the year 1858, I paid an interesting visit to Canada, soon after my return from my first visit of three years to Europe. I met some pleasant people there, who became very friendly to me. Of Quebec, especially, I retain most agreeable souvenirs of courtesies and acts of kindness such as give a charm to life, and make existence seem a blessing.

The following address, written and given to me by an amiable and lovely lady, on my birthday, the anniversary of which happened whilst I was there, I am happy to insert among my leaves of the past.

**B**RING no wreath, no offering gay,  
On this thy natal morn ;  
The summer flower—the rose—is gone,  
That might thy brow adorn.

But wishes, kind, sincere, and true,  
To each and all belong,  
And friendship glows, though summer tints  
And summer flowers are gone.

Though chill the blast, though dark the storm  
That hurls the snowdrift by,  
Naught can each well-remembered friend  
Efface from memory.

As unexpectedly we hear  
Some long-forgotten lays,  
We listen to recall again  
The scenes of by-gone days.

The Past,—then may it come to thee  
Like pleasant strains of song ;  
The Future,—may it bring to thee  
Years happy, bright, and long.

E..... S.....

QUEBEC, October 6th, 1858.





## FESTAL SOUVENIR.

WASHINGTON CITY, March, 1861.

**B**EING at the National Hotel, at the capital of our country, just as some of the most distinguished persons were about leaving for their homes at the close of "the season," an incident occurred worthy of note, which I will here relate as not inappropriate in this little volume.

Mr. and Mrs. C. . . . . well known, the one for his statesmanlike and honorable character, the other as an accomplished and amiable member of society, were about departing for their residence in Kentucky. Mr. C. was highly esteemed. Mrs. C. had been in the habit of passing her winters at Washington, and chiefly at this hotel, for twenty-seven years, and by her winning and attractive manners had won affectionate consideration from the yearly visitors here. One beautiful trait in her character I must not fail to name, and that is her *entire freedom* from the usual sin of gossip, slander, and detraction. No one ever heard this lady speak an injurious word of another; silent was her tongue if she could say no good of a fellow-being. No ugly backbiting, no envious or traducing remark, ever passed her lips. For this alone,—the rare

and precious virtue of refraining from this most pernicious and cruel evil from which so many have suffered,—she merits our esteem.

“Blest are the lips that open but to bless,  
That never yet the gentle heart belied :  
Still prone to praise, to soothe, or to caress,  
And ever slow to censure or to chide.”

It was thought proper, then, on the occasion of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. C....., to give a party at the hotel, to which general invitations should be given. A large assemblage was the consequence.

Judge N...., of the Supreme Court, was deputed by the ladies to present Mrs. C..... a superb bouquet, with some appropriate remarks. Afterwards the Rev. Mr. L....., of Boston, made an address to Mrs. C..... of a highly flattering character, and the evening passed off gaily in music and dancing, and chatting.

The Spanish minister was my companion during most of the evening; General Scott spoke words of graciousness to me, which, from such a veteran, fell pleasantly on my ear. Senators and members, judges and lawyers, the fashionable and gay, with tuft-hunters in abundance, and some members of the family at the White House, were here, and ladies of all sorts, in gay toilette, interspersing very agreeably the dense mass of

black coats which were everywhere to be seen. But the midnight hours passed, and by degrees the crowd dispersed, and the sound of music and revelry was hushed, and the C..... festivity was forever numbered with things of the past.

But Mr. Lovejoy, our poet friend, determined to commemorate it, and, in an agreeable and kindly manner, for the benefit of the ladies, wrote a little poem, thus immortalizing the event, describing the occasion, etc.; finally giving a sort of poetical portrait, in the most favorable colors, of the ladies of the National Hotel who were present at this interesting *fête*. Fair and flattering were the friendly words he addressed to us all; and at the termination of the poem he gave some words of advice to his lady friends, it would be well for us all to follow.

As the characters he describes were many, I shall not here repeat them, but only copy his pleasant lines to me, which they who know me best can pronounce true or false, as they may deem to be the case; concluding, afterwards, with his final remarks to the ladies, to which I have already alluded.

The lines to me are as follows:

And now, Miss Smith, I turn to you  
A wondrous tale, and yet 'tis true:  
When Isaac sent to Nahor's fold  
A wife for him to take and hold,

“I’ll go,” the fair Rebecca cried,  
And forth she went, to be a bride.  
But our Rebecca still says no,  
And bids her clustering suitors go !  
Daughter of Eve, and womankind  
Still has the right to change her mind ;  
Some raptured soul will prove it true,  
And think it Heaven to be with you.

Thy form, Rebecca, heavenly fair,  
Is fit some angel sure to wear ;  
All stores of knowledge in thy mind ;  
A loving heart and taste refined ;  
Depths in thy heart, are as the sea,—  
Depths of love and purity ;  
Oh ! crown some soul with double bliss,  
And wear his name and drop the Miss.

Concluding address to the ladies :

Now, ladies, all be good and true,  
And deal with me as I with you :  
Be to my virtues very kind,  
And to my faults a little blind.

As on the stream of life we sail,  
Let words of kindness never fail ;

For words are acts of silver hue.  
As you bless others they bless you.

And when life's toilsome work is done,  
And heavenly raptures are begun,  
Then angels on their harps shall tell  
The sweetest notes that ours shall swell.

---

**W**HEN the sweet garland of these leaves complete  
    An hour of memory shall beguile,  
    And this thy wandering glance shall chance  
        to meet,  
May it receive the present of a smile.

G. G.

NEW YORK.





## JEU D'ESPRIT.

WASHINGTON CITY, April, 1861.

Soon after the foregoing rhymes were written, on the occasion of the Crittenden Party, another evening reunion took place,—a sort of *soirée dansante*, given by an officer of the navy, I believe. It was a gay affair, and three gentlemen of the hotel undertook a description of it in poetry, which proved to be quite a success. The verses were really good, and the ladies described were well pleased with their poetic pictures. Mine ran thus:

### MISS S.

**B**YES looking through the black curls,  
Careless, and vagrant, and free ;  
Chin round, and smooth as the pearls  
From the depths of the Indian Sea ;  
Ears that are perfect as shells,  
As rosy, as blushing, as neat ;  
Features all casting weird spells  
Upon those who would kneel at her feet ;

Completeness, perfection, a whole,  
Is the lesson we learn at a gaze,  
And the sensitive thought of the soul  
Is transparent throughout her sweet face.

There was a good deal of merit in this poetical effusion; but the authors were very severe upon the preceding "Rhymes by Lovejoy," whose star was entirely eclipsed by the verses of the "Happy Family," —for so the trio styled themselves who composed the lines of which I have just been writing.





FROM ONE OF THE GIFTED WRITERS  
OF OUR COUNTRY.

**D**ID not the fates to me refuse  
In flowery fields to rove,  
The fairest I would gladly choose  
To decorate thy page.

But since more rugged paths are mine,  
I simply can express  
What friendship prompts—the wish that thine  
May all be happiness.

R..... G. H *again*

NEW PORT.



## FRIENDLY INVOCATION.

In 1854 I had the pleasure to meet in a friendly and familiar manner Sir Charles E. Gray, at that time, or just before, Governor of Jamaica. His contribution to my album is well worthy of being transcribed here, and is among the most prized of my "Leaves from the Past."



HY namesake, when she wished her favorite  
child  
Should win a blessing from his aged sire,  
Gave him the vestments of a hunter wild,  
And veiled his dainty hands in rough attire.

But thou, *Rebecca*, my unpolished line  
In this embellished volume wouldest enroll,  
And o'er its faults make richest beauty shine,—  
Enameled flowers, and gold, and tinted scroll.\*

Yet, if the wish sincere,—the friendly prayer,—  
Will not the less prevail, so let it be ;  
And may our Father give his heavenly care,  
And every choicest blessing, unto thee.

CHARLES EDWARD GRAY.

PHILADELPHIA, 21st June, 1854.

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\* The cover of my album was inlaid with pearl, gold, and gay flowers.



TO MISS MARY REBECCA SMITH,  
OF PHILADELPHIA.

"I had a dream, but 'twas not *all* a dream."

**H**ERE was a car came sweeping by,  
Flashing its glories from on high ;  
Three forms it bore of gorgeousness :  
One, Juno, from her mien, I guess ;  
Pallas, the other, world-wide famed  
For wit ; the third was Venus named,  
Long worshiped in Idalia's bower,—  
The Queen of Love's and Beauty's power !  
And onwards still the chariot strained,  
And, as it went, each presence waned,  
Until, ere in the viewless distance gone,  
The three were blended into one ;  
Until the eye, with wistful gaze  
Bent on the empyrean ways,  
Still lingering on the vanished three,  
Caught them embodied all in thee !

A. D.,  
of La.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29th, 1859.



## A NARRATIVE AND A MORAL.

When James, the novelist, was in this country, I met him at the English consul's, in Philadelphia. He remarked I did not look like an American woman, and, questioning me as to my parentage, found I was a great-great-granddaughter of James Logan, whose ancestor, Sir Robert Logan, was so unfortunate and so famous in Scottish history. Mr. James then told me he had the original papers proving the injustice of the confiscation of the estates of Sir Robert, owing to an alleged participation in the Gowrie conspiracy, and said to me, "If my life is spared, I intend to write the history of Sir Robert Logan, Laird of Restalrig, as he was called;" and then wrote this impromptu, which he gave me as a souvenir.



RUST not this empty world. *It lies.*  
Immortal truth, on this cold earth, it dies ;  
In Heaven it lives, and thence empowered  
it comes  
To rectify this world's imperfect dooms.  
Witness the name of Restalrig, who died  
Trusted, beloved, convicted, and belied.

G. P. R. JAMES.



## B E A U T I F U L W I S H.

This poem was written to me by a gifted young officer in our navy, whom I met in Washington in the winter of 1861, and whose talents and agreeable manners interested me very much. His musical powers were great,—as a pianist I have seldom heard a more brilliant and tasteful performer. One felt his music as one does his poetry. I left Washington suddenly, and did not see him for two years, when we met *at a hotel*, where he handed me the following very pretty verses.

T O M. R. D. S.

**H**ERE is the cold, gay world for me ;  
I am threading my way along.  
Here in my heart are my thoughts of thee,  
Shaping them into this song.

In the forest wild, in the woodlands mild,  
By the bank of some beautiful stream,  
In the light of some heavenly dream,  
Where all is love, around, above,  
With a brilliant celestial light,  
Making stream and forest so bright,--

There should I plot a home for thee,  
With the crested robin and honey-bee ;  
With the sweet skylark and the pure-winged dove,  
Such should, indeed, be thy home of love.

Where all is strife in this sad life,  
And hearts are wicked and sere,  
And love is blended with fear,—  
Why shouldst thou stay, when far away,  
The voices of nature ring  
With the songs that angels sing ?  
There,—not here, is the home for thee,  
For thou seemest a child of nature to me ;  
With the moss beneath, and the stars above,  
Shouldst thou join with all nature in songs of love.

So shaped my heart into words this song ;  
So seems the world with its varied throng ;  
And be our paths through sunshine or rain,  
Let us pray that in heaven we meet again.

PHILADELPHIA, 1863.





## “COME WHOAM.”

One evening, in Providence, Mrs. S. H. W. . . . . , a lady of much poetic talent (her poetry had been published, and is well known), heard me recite a charming little poem in the Lancashire dialect, an appeal from a fond wife to her husband, who had gone to the ale-house to drink,—“Come Whoam to the Childer and Me,” written by Waugh, who is called the Burns of Lancashire. I had told Mrs. W. that I was going to Europe in the Spring. We parted,—she walking home by moonlight. The next day I received a kind note, with a volume of her Poems, and the accompanying stanzas,—

### TO REBECCA.

**P**AST night, beneath a waning moon  
In dreams I seemed to roam ;  
A sweet voice murmuring by my side,  
Those gentle words, “Come Home.”

And when, o'er far-off foreign seas,  
Through foreign lands you roam,  
My heart shall echo the sweet words  
I heard last night, “Come Home.”

January 28th, 1864.



## A PICTURESQUE LETTER.

Mrs. W. . . . . and I met afterwards at the Ocean House, Cape Elizabeth, Maine, from whence she wrote the letter quoted below. Written by the "Helen" of Edgar Poe, and in itself racy and agreeable, and alluding again to me and the poem I had recited, its reproduction here is interesting and not *mal apropos*.

OCEAN HOUSE, August 6th, 1864.

"**H**E event of the week with us has been a complimentary clam-bake given to Generals Shepley and Franklin, at the 'Cape Lights,' by the *crème de la crème* of Portland. We accepted an invitation from the British Consul, Mr. ——, to drive over to the 'bake' in an open carriage. The sky was lowering, and a thunder-storm evidently waiting to overwhelm us. The 'Ocean House' dinner-bell was, moreover, ringing out its tempting 'tintinnabulations' just as we drove from the door, suggestive of savory fish-chowders, roast lamb and peas, snow puddings, and blueberry pies. We had consented to the picnic under protest, and resigned ourselves to the consequences. The sky grew darker and darker as we drove over the hilly road towards the evergreen grove, where the clams were baking, and

the feast appointed to be held. The nearer lighthouse, seen through an avenue of dark fir-trees, loomed up before us, white and ghastly, against a stormy background of sea and sky, like a pallid ghost, warning us back from our path. We had scarcely reached the ground, when the lightning stabbed through and through the dark and ragged edges of the thunder-cloud, and the rain came down in torrents. The whole party, marshaled by the two generals, made, in military phrase, a 'masterly retreat' to the lighthouse kitchen. 'Supply trains' were soon brought up from the grove, and refreshments served in a somewhat promiscuous and irregular manner. We had the pleasure of an introduction to General Franklin, who told us the story of his recent capture and escape with a cool simplicity and a dash of quiet humor in his honest blue eyes, which made it sound like a page from *Gil Blas*, or a chapter from one of Charles Lever's racy romances.

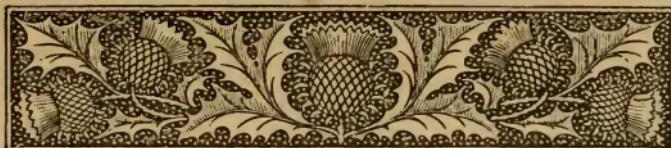
"The excursionists ended their festivities by a dance and a supper at the Ocean House, and a seven-mile drive to Portland in the pouring rain. The next day the rain-storm put a stop to all our wonted out-door pleasures. In the evening the need of exercise led to the inauguration of blind-man's buff, fox and geese, magic music, and other games of fun and frolic. One of the forfeits, incurred by an accomplished lady from

Philadelphia, who sometimes charms us with her recitations, was the recital of an exquisite poem, by Waugh, in the Lancashire dialect,—the artless appeal of a wife who had followed her husband to the alehouse to bid him ‘Come Whoam to the Childer and Me.’ The exquisite *naïveté* and pathos of her expression brought tears to many eyes.

“The next morning, while the ocean was still surging and heaving with the proud passion of the spent storm, I went with this lady, who loves nature in her wildest moods, to the rocky headland that lies between the Ocean House and the Cape Lights, descending in a series of colossal stairways to the sea. The elixir of the air, and the exulting roar of the waters as they trampled the rocky terraces and broke in *lofty* foam-wreaths over the lofty bulwarks of High Head, made our hearts swell and our pulses beat in unison with the triumphant power and passion of the wave; and we vainly tried to imagine the apocalyptic heaven, in which, we are told, ‘there shall be no more sea.’ ”

S. H. W.





Sent to and received by me in London.

TO MISS SMITH,

REQUESTING ME TO WRITE LINES ON HER NAME.

**F**Cyclops lost an eye by chance  
Which he scanned beauty with,  
He'd stand like M T (empty) consonants  
Were i put out of Smith.  
A sightless wreck ! Smith's name no doubt  
Has tried my Smithery ;  
Though I've one i there hammered out,  
Still two starred eyes has she.  
My mind a fancy forge when lit  
By coal-black eyes that glow ;  
Venus bade me like Vulcan hit  
Smith—thine's the flame—the blow.

Epigram by SIR JOHN E..... DE B.....  
LONDON, February, 1856.





## CHRISTMAS SALUTATION.

I received in Dublin, Christmas morning, 1865, whilst the guest of Mrs. P....., the following note and poem from J.... F..... W....., LL.D., one of the delightful poets of Ireland.

**A**HAPPY Christmas to you, dear Miss Smith! May the sunshine in your heart to-day be brighter than that in the heavens, without cloud to dim, or mist to chill it, as we have here while I am writing.

I return the charming lines of Bryant, which I have copied, and I send you a little Christmas greeting, which you will receive more for its good intentions than its merits.

I am to give a lecture on the Poets and Poetry of America. in Dublin, on the evening of the 11th of January next, and you shall have full notice of the time and place.

With kindest compliments to Mrs. P..... and her family, and wishing you all many happy returns of this festive season,

Believe me, my dear Miss Smith, faithfully yours,

J.... F..... W.....  
John... Young... W....

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

## I.



STOOD within the chancel dim  
 When the morning light was breaking,  
 And I heard the sound of the solemn hymn  
 That the organ's breath was waking.  
 And I thought of the olden holy time,  
 When angels in the sky  
 Sang, in a distant Orient clime,  
 "Glory to God on High."

## II.

The glorious breathings swept along  
 Upon that Christmas morn,  
 Through nave and aisle in jubilant song,  
 As erst when Christ was born.  
 And the white-robed choir took up the laud  
 With holy minstrelsy :  
 'Twas the hymn of the ancient church of God,  
 "Glory to God on High!"  
 Ave Jesu, Deus magne,  
 Ave puer, mitis Agne,  
 Ave Deus, Homo nate,  
 In præsepi reclinate !  
 O Potestas, O Egestas,  
 O Majestas Domini !



## PLEASING RECOLLECTIONS.

**E**MET in Ireland a gentleman of much cultivation and learning,—a retired physician, who, for many years past, has lived and traveled extensively over the continent of Europe with his only daughter, making marvelous tramps on foot with her, and residing chiefly in Italy in the winter. We met under very pleasant circumstances around the hospitable hearth of a member of his family, with some of whom I had been on intimate terms.

He came to see me one day, and left a volume called “The Unripe Windfalls in Prose and Verse, by J.... H...., M.D.”; and as we should give honor to whom honor is due, I may name that he is the author of “Miscellaneous Poems,” “Criticism on the Style of Lord Byron” in a letter to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, “Specimen of Virgilian Commentaries,” “Specimen of a new Metrical Translation of the Eneis.”

On a fly-leaf of the volume was this address:  
(118)

## TO MISS M. R. DARBY SMITH.

**W**INDFALLS although we be,  
Untimely from the tree  
Dropped to the ground,  
We're yet of generous kind,—  
Neither in pulp or rind  
Sour or unsound.

Pass not, then, haughty by,  
Leaving us here to lie,  
Moulder and rot ;  
But gather, and in store  
Lay up on boarded floor  
Or dry-tiled flat,

Where we may pass our time  
Secure from damp and rime,  
Until thou sigh  
For ample dumpling slice  
Or codling pasty nice,—  
When, lo ! we're nigh.

---

To my windfalls, lady fair,—  
Unripe windfalls though they be,—  
Of thy notice deign some share,  
Of thy pity some to me,

Who may not beyond the sill  
Th' intrusive gift accompany;  
Smile upon my windfalls still,  
Fairest lady, and on me.

J . . . . H . . . .

D . . . . LODGE.





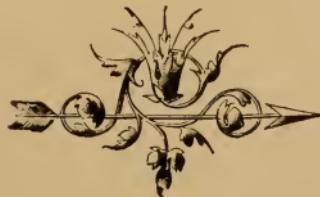
## READY WELCOME.

When in Dublin, staying with Mrs. P...., daughter of the late Admiral S...., one evening talking of leaving, a witty dignitary of the Church of England, who was there, wrote this impromptu and handed it to me :

**S**WEET Transatlantic genius, pray  
For another fortnight stay ;  
Your welcome is not yet worn out ;  
Full many a draught of Guinness' stout\*  
You'll quaff beneath this friendly roof :  
For *you* our hearts are weary-proof.

. . . .

\* Frequently used at lunch in Ireland.





## IMPROPTU,

By the same facetious clergyman. Dublin, Saturday night, December 16th, 1865.

**A**HEN Isaac went a courting sly,  
On a sweet maid he cast his eye ;  
But could he come back from the dead,  
*You're* the Rebecca he would wed !

Oh, “cunning Isaac,” I am glad  
That your Rebecca you have had ;  
For most disastrous would it be  
Were my Rebecca snatched from me.





## TIME DEFEATED.

I left Dublin on the 5th of October, 1868,—my birthday was on the 6th,—and I received in London, immediately on my arrival there, a letter containing the inclosed lines, from a gifted young friend, who was one of the most distinguished scholars of Trinity College, Dublin.



MID the visions of the night  
I saw a spectre stand ;  
A scythe he bore so curved and bright,  
An hour-glass in his hand.

White flowed his beard adown his breast,  
His robe trailed on the ground,  
And oft, as if with rage oppressed,  
He bit his lips and frowned.

“ Old father Time, pray tell me why  
(For 'twas with him I spake)  
Thy brow is bent, and from thine eye  
‘ Such angry flashes break.’ ”

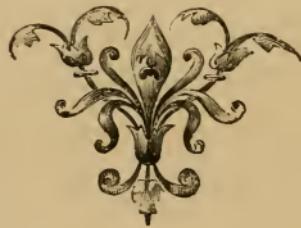
He paused, and answered, while he frowned,  
“ All’s subject to my sway ;  
Throughout the world naught can be found  
But I can bid decay.

“ Yet I have met a maiden bright,  
With a soft and winsome eye,  
Who does resist my strongest might,  
My utmost power defy.

“ Her birthday 'tis. While other dames  
This day expect with fear,  
Still lovelier, brighter, she becomes,  
And younger every year.”

W. H. B.

*Wm. Henry Brooks*





## VERSES

Received in Rome from Ireland, during the winter of 1869.

**S**INCE thee I saw, a vision of love and light  
    Floats in my soul, and trancing sweetness  
        flings,

Like spirit voices chaunting to golden strings,  
Heard often in the dreamland of the night.

Thus rises, when the ever-gliding hours  
    Lead o'er the earth the golden shimmering dawn,  
        The perfume-breathing incense of the lawn,  
            Enameled thick with myriad purple flowers.

Thus art thou loved, yet pinest 'neath the hand  
    Of sadness and the gloomy grasp of care;  
        Lady, to feel thou art beloved as fair,  
            Can this no stroke of sorrow e'en withstand?

We met, and with ecstatic melody  
    On fancy's ear love's glorious music stole,  
        And woke its echoes slumbering deep. My soul  
            From that bright moment centres all in thee.



## LINES

Sent to me for Christmas, when in Italy, from Ireland.

### I.

**H**E flaky snow is falling slow  
On roof, and sward, and tree,  
With a gentle, dying motion,  
Like the sweet yet sad emotion  
Mingled with my thoughts of thee.

### II.

Within, at the banquet, the voices resound,  
As the wine it is laughing and flaming around.  
The tables are groaning with viands untold,  
And the lamplight is flashing on crystal and gold,  
And fair ladies, with their beaming eyes so softly,  
brightly gleaming,  
Women—union of the real with the ideal, in their  
seeming—

There are sitting ; as the song,  
Now echoing loud and long,  
With its pleasant memories laden,  
Dies away,—all, man and maiden,

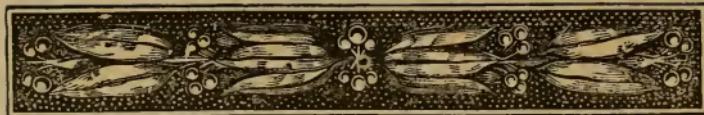
Quaff the pledge, the hours recall,  
While sounds throughout the hall  
The old salutation so cheer and so true,  
Fill goblet and beaker,—Bon noël à vous !

## III.

When rest my eyes upon thy place,  
Naught can my wandering soul detain ;  
It seeks in vain my love's lost face  
    Amid the banquet pledge and strain.  
Nor wonder that it plunges not  
    Into the deepening tides of glee,  
But, filled with longings ne'er forgot,  
    It gladly, fondly, turns to thee.  
Then think the sweet spirit of song that flows  
    Out from these lips of mine,  
Is hurrying free, o'er land and sea,  
    To waft a kiss to thine.

W. H. B.





## LAST WORDS.

Received in Ireland when at Shangana Castle, just before I sailed for America, December, 1870.



HEN the orb of day's arising,  
Gilding spire and tree,  
Woodland into song surprising,  
'Tis then I think of thee.

Then the day-dreams o'er me stealing,  
Visions of the past revealing,  
Wake with each dearest feeling,  
'Tis then I think of thee.

When the lamp of day's declining,  
When the moon is on the lea,  
When above the stars are shining,  
'Tis then I think of thee.

Yes, though bounding waves dissever,  
And 'tis but a *fond endeavor*,  
Sweet friend, with memories bright forever,  
'Tis then I'll think of thee.

W. H. B.

December, 1870.



TO MISS M. R. DARBY SMITH.

Written in my album, Florence, January 23d, 1869, by a distinguished sculptor.

**A** HERE the great of heart and mind  
Hath for thee the laurel twined,—  
Statesman, Sage, Divine, and Chief,  
Bard and Beauty, the refined,—  
I would bring one little leaf.

J. T. H...





## TO M Y F R I E N D.

Just before giving to the printer my reliquary, I received a touching letter from a gifted lady friend, with whom I have corresponded for years, although she is my junior. I knew she had the gift of song, and so I wrote and told her something of my plan, and asked for a few words from her pen to be placed in my goodly assemblage ; "but," I said, "you must be prompt if you accede to my wish;" and so almost by return of mail came her sweet addition, which I gladly insert, for she is prized by me, as her merit commends, gentle and modest as she is gifted. She lives in a "blest retirement" at her father's beautiful residence on an arm of the sea, near Newport. There, holding communion with nature, lifted far above the worldling's pleasure,

"With mind intent upon the visioned future bent,"

her tranquil life is passed. Often have I in former years been the guest of her kind parents; and there, amid the romantic scenes and lovely shades of V....., I can well and truly quote the words of Lord Littleton :

"There oft we used to walk,  
And there in tender talk  
We saw the summer sun go down the sky."

These are the verses she sent me :

## TO MY FRIEND.

 HOU dost ask for a leaf as love's token ;  
 Ah ! 'tis only a leaf !  
 Of the flowers that spring in our pathway,  
 The blooming is brief.  
 Yet fain would I, faithful to friendship,  
 The memory keep green,  
 Through all changes of joy and of sorrow,  
 Of days that have been ;  
 When we walked in heart counsel together,  
 On sweet themes intent,  
 And your voice to the charm of the hour  
 Its melody lent.

In its infinite yearning and reaching  
 Towards the Divine,  
 I see in thy spirit the earnest  
 Of joys shall be thine,  
 When the heavenly Father shall call thee  
 From darkness to light,  
 With his blessing thy charity crowning,  
 Thy sweet faith with sight !

G. M. H.

V . . . . ., February 25th, 1872.

THE END.













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